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THE MAID OF KIRCONNEL.

[While pursuing a doe, along the banks of the Kirtle, Adam Fleming first saw, in her wild-wood bower, "fair Helen of Kirconnel." Their trying-place was the grave of "Mary of the lea;" and here Helen met her death by receiving in her own bosom the fatal arrow which his jealous rival intended for her lover.]



O KIRTLE, hastening to the sea,
Through banks of sunniest green,
But for thy tender witchery
"Fair Helen, of Kirconnel lea,"
A happier fate had seen.

A wood-bower sweet, whose vines displayed
A royal wealth of flowers;
Why did you lure the dreaming maid,
So oft beneath your haunted shade,
To pass the charmed hours?

For hidden, like the feathery choir,
There from the noontide's glance,
She lit the heart's first vestal fire,
And fed its flame of soft desire,
With dreams of old romance.

Poor, frightened doe, that sought the shade
Of that sequestered place;
And led the tender, timid maid,
Blushing, surprised, and half-afraid,
To meet the hunter's face.

Not thine the fault, but thine the deed,
Blind, harmless innocent;
When to that bosom, doomed to bleed,
With cruel, swift, unerring speed,
The fatal arrow went.

Why came no warning voice to save,
No cry upon the blast,
When Helen fair, and Fleming brave,
Sat on the dead Kirconnell's grave,
And spake, and kissed their last?

O Mary, gone in life's young bloom,
O "Mary of the le,"
Couldst thou not leave one hour the tomb,
To save her from that hapless doom,
So soon to sleep by thee?

Vain, vain, to say what might have been,
Or strive with cruel Fate;
Evil the world hath entered in,
And sin is death, and death is sin,
And love must trust and wait.

For here the crown of lovers true
Still hides its flowers beneath—
The sharpest thorns that ever grew,
The thorns that pierce us through and through,
And make us bleed to death!

PHEDRA CARY.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLYMER."

CHAPTER XI.—AT MORTON HOUSE.

THE whole of that afternoon, which looked so bright to the gay loiterers beside the pond, Mrs. Gordon had spent in the silence and shadow of the Morton-House library, deep in dusty and tedious accounts which had been submitted to her inspection by Mr. Shields, the agent of the Morton estate. It was not a pleasant occupation, but it was one to which she had courageously set herself immediately on her arrival, and in which she had not flagged even when the terribly-involved condition of affairs had been brought plainly to her perception. Debt, difficulty, mortgage, ruinous sacrifice! That was the sum-total of the heritage to which she had returned; and, what the old agent unhesitatingly called "the most tangled business in the country," was what she took in her woman's hands to attempt to make straight again. She succeeded better than might have been expected—succeeded sufficiently to rouse Mr. Shields's honest admiration, and make him tell Lawyer Worruck that he had never seen such business capacity in any woman before. But it was weary work at all times, and never more weary than on this afternoon. So weary that, when she came to the end of a long column of figures, she dropped her pen with a tired sigh, and, leaning her head against the back of her chair, sat motionless for some time.

On this repose, however, Babette broke in suddenly and uncere- moniously, just as the last rays of the setting sun flashed a gleam of vivid light across the pale, tired face.

"Madame, pardonnez-moi," she began, hurriedly, as her mistress's eyes opened wide in somewhat haughty astonishment. "But madame always said that if any thing happened to M'sieur Felix, she must be disturbed, and I dared not—"

"Felix!" cried the mother, with a sudden start of alarm. "Felix! Is any thing the matter with him?"

"Indeed, madame, it was not my fault; but that stupid—"

"Babette! Is any thing the matter?"

"Non, madame, non," cried the maid, startled by the tone of her mistress's voice. "M'sieur Felix is all safe—but that stupid Harrison has let in a lady."

Mrs. Gordon gave a deep sigh of relief.

"You frightened me very much," she said, rebukingly. "You should not talk so much at random. What has Felix to do with a lady? He is at the pond with Mr. Annesley."

"But, madame, the lady has brought him home."

"The lady! You must be mistaken."

"Indeed, no, madame. I saw them; and that stupid—"

"Then it is Mrs. Annesley?"

Babette shook her head. "*C'est une demoiselle*," she said de- cidedly. "I saw her myself, madame; and M'sieur Felix—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried a shrill indignant voice at the door. And the next moment, "M'sieur Felix" himself had rushed into the room, and thrown his arms round his mother.

"Mamma, don't listen to her! *Pff* tell you all about it—but promise first you won't be angry."

"That depends on whether there is good cause for being angry," said his mother, pushing back the bright curls from the glowing face, and looking anxiously into it. "But I can promise not to be very much displeased if you will tell me the exact truth."

"That's what I mean to do, mamma. But kiss me first, and—go away!" he added, with a sudden stamp at Babette.

The Frenchwoman looked unutterable things at him, tossed her head, and held her ground firmly, until Mrs. Gordon herself bade her go.

"But the lady, madame?"

"I will see her in a minute—you need not wait."

Babette gave another glance at Felix, and then retired, with offend- ed dignity rustling in every garment. Her only solace was to go and rate Harrison, and this she immediately proceeded to do.

Katharine, meanwhile, left alone in the large empty drawing-room, began to revolve the awkwardness of her position. She was sorry now that she had acceded to Mr. Warwick's request. It seemed so much like forcing an entrance into Morton House. As for mediation or explanation—Felix's impetuosity had spared her all question of that. Was nobody ever coming? Would it be very wrong to go away without having seen the lady of the house? Perhaps, after all, that might be best. She would wait ten minutes longer, and, if by that time Mrs. Gordon had not made her appearance, why—she would go. She had hardly arrived at this determination, when the door opened, and a pale, stately woman stood on the threshold.

Katharine rose, but before she could utter one of the words of apology trembling on her tongue, Mrs. Gordon crossed the floor, and extended her hand with a warm and cordial gesture.

"Miss Tresham, I owe you many thanks. It was kind of you to take charge of my wilful boy. Pray forgive me that I have kept you waiting; but he has been giving me an account of his adventure."

This, or something like it, was what she said; but no words can embody the gracious and exquisite charm of manner which at once set Katharine at ease—at once made her feel that, instead of being an intruder, she was a welcome guest. A few words told why the duty had devolved upon herself—a few more gave the leading facts of the matter; after which, she rose to take her departure. But this Mrs. Gordon would not permit.

"You are cold, and you must be tired," she said. "It is a point of honor with Morton House that no guest has ever left its door in either of those conditions. This room is my aversion, it is so cheer- less. Let me take you to my sitting-room."

"You are very kind," said Katharine, overcome with wonder; "but the carriage is waiting for me, and—"

"If you will allow me, I will have it dismissed, and take the re- sponsibility of sending you home."

"I am afraid Mrs. Marks will be uneasy."

"I am sure she will be able to spare you," said the lady, with a

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slight smile. "Come, Miss Tresham, I am not accustomed to pressing hospitality; but in this instance I really cannot consent to let you go. Shall I put my request on another ground? Shall I tell you that I am lonely this evening, and that a strange face is a great relief to me? I have not felt this desire for companionship before in many a long day. Will you have the heart to disappoint it now?"

"No," said Katharine, with her frank, bright smile. "If my society can gratify your desire, I shall be very glad to stay. But—"

"But I regard the matter as settled," said Mrs. Gordon. Then, after ringing the bell, and sending an order of dismissal to the waiting carriage, she led the way across a large, cold hall, into one of the most thoroughly-charming rooms, Katharine thought, she had ever seen.

A first glance only gave the impression of rich color and luxurious comfort. It was some time before the eye recognized the different elements that went to make up such an attractive whole—the heavy curtains, the velvet carpet, the deep, inviting chairs and couches, the many appointments where taste of the most rare and judicious kind had presided. When Katharine entered, it was empty, but a faint fragrance of flowers came over her as the door opened, and a soft moonlight seemed to fill the room—the glow of two large lamps being toned by tinted shades. Dusk had fallen by this time; and the lamp-light and ruddy firelight made a pleasant contrast to the cold, frosty night gathering outside the open hall-door, and melting into indistinctness the outlines of the rolling hills.

"Oh, what a beautiful room!" cried Katharine, so involuntarily that Mrs. Gordon smiled.

"I am glad you like it," she said. "It is the only room I have refurnished; but I cannot endure the stiff old-fashioned furniture which reigns paramount in the rest of the house. Excepting my cousin, Mr. Annesley, you are the only person who has been admitted here."

"It is beautiful!" Katharine repeated, as she sat down by the glowing fire, sunning herself like a tropical flower in its heat. "I have never seen any thing more luxurious—and I love luxury."

Mrs. Gordon smiled again, perhaps at this candid confession, perhaps at the undisguised enjoyment which prompted it. Then she drew forward a large chair, and seating herself leaned back in its soft depths. The firelight played quiveringly over her face, and Katharine had time to mark every furrow which marred its beauty before Mrs. Gordon spoke again. At last she turned to look at the young girl, and said, rather abruptly:

"Miss Tresham, my desire to keep you was not entirely without reason. I have heard Morton Annesley speak of you very often, and I was sure of one thing—either that I must like you, or that he exaggerated as even a lover has no right to exaggerate."

Katharine started. This was plain speaking, indeed. She started, and, if she also blushed, it might have been surprise as much as any thing else that caused the emotion.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Gordon, who noticed both the start and the blush. "Perhaps I have not paid sufficient regard to the proprieties of expression; but when one grows a little old, they seem so useless. Why should we hesitate to call a thing by its right name?"

"Why, indeed," answered Katharine, quickly, "if it be a right name?"

"We won't argue that point," said Mrs. Gordon, with a slight laugh. "I don't think a lover's tale is worth telling, excepting by himself. And here comes tea."

The door opened as she spoke, and Harrison brought in a tray. No other servant appeared; but in a few minutes—without even so much noise as the rattling of a plate—a small round table stood between the two ladies, bearing a glittering equipage.

"Are you still English enough to prefer tea, Miss Tresham, or will you let Harrison give you a cup of coffee?" asked Mrs. Gordon, as she poured out a cup of the first, which was strong enough and black enough to have satisfied even De Quincey. "For my part, I always take this. Will you join me?"

"Not since you have given me my choice," said Katharine, with a smile. "I have never yet learned to endure tea—though I have tried heroically, in compliment to other people's taste."

"Not people here, surely?"

"Oh, no. Everybody here drinks coffee. I meant the people in England."

"And yet you are an Englishwoman?"

"No; I am a West-Indian—and very proud of it. I love my dear island, with its brilliant skies and tropical palms, as much as I hate the mists and fogs of England."

"You have been in England, then?"

Katharine shrugged her shoulders ruefully.

"To my cost, yes."

"In what part? I ask because I am very familiar with it, and perhaps you saw the country to disadvantage."

"I was in the north, near the Scottish border. I saw the Scottish shore from my window every time the fog lifted, and did not enjoy it nearly as much as I should have done if I could have stopped shivering even for one day."

"But was there no summer while you were there?"

"There was a time they called summer—a time when the trees had leaves, and the sun shone with tolerable brightness. But our winter-days in Porto Rico are much more balmy."

"Porto Rico! But I thought—that is—"

"You thought I was a British West-Indian. Well, so I am. I was born in Jamaica; but I scarcely remember it at all. When I was very young, my aunt moved to Porto Rico, and took me with her. We lived there entirely, and I never was in England until I went to an old friend of hers, who obtained a situation as governess at Donthorne Place for me. It was a very—"

She stopped—uncontrollable surprise forcing her to do so. Mrs. Gordon had suddenly turned so pale that even the dim light failed to conceal it, and her hand shook until she was obliged to put down untasted a cup of tea which she had been in the act of raising to her lips. There was a moment's silence; then she looked up, white as a sheet, but forcing herself into a sort of rigid calm.

"Pardon me, Miss Tresham; and pray don't look so much alarmed. It is only an old pain that came back to me just then. My nerves are shattered, and I show it—that is all.—Harrison, you will find my case on the side-table there. Give me two spoonfuls of the bottle on the right as you open it."

Harrison obeyed. Mrs. Gordon drank eagerly the dark liquid which he brought her in a slender wineglass; and a faint, subtle odor rushed over Katharine, which told her at once what the draught had been. After that she needed no explanation the less for the lines on her hostess's face.

It was the latter who, after a short silence, spoke first—quietly, but with a certain suppressed anxiety which Katharine's ear was quick to detect.

"You surprised me very much by the mention of Donthorne Place, Miss Tresham. I was once in the neighborhood, and I remember it quite well. How long were you there?"

"A year," answered Katharine, concisely, having her own reasons for reticence on the subject; "a year—one of the most disagreeable of my life, and one that I would not live over again to win a crown. I cannot bear to talk of it, and, of course, it does not interest you."

"On the contrary, if you will pardon me, it interests me very much. Do you?"—she leaned forward with an eagerness which startled Katharine—"do you ever hear from them—the Donthornes?"

"Never. To judge by their unconsciousness of my existence when I lived in their house, I should say that they would not even remember my name now."

"From no friends—no one that you left in the neighborhood?"

Katharine drew back. She was not only surprised; but she looked—even her preoccupied questioner noticed that—as if awakened to some sudden fear.

"No," she said, slowly; "I have no friends—there or elsewhere. I had not even an acquaintance in the neighborhood. No one ever writes to me. Why do you ask?"

"I might truly answer, because I am very uncivil," replied Mrs. Gordon. "Solitude fosters many bad habits, and I must beg you to excuse me on that score. I will not offend in the same way again. Indeed, there is nothing I so much detest as curiosity.—Harrison, you may take the tray; we have finished."

Harrison and the tray made an exit as noiseless as their entrance, and, after the door had closed, Mrs. Gordon was again the first to speak—very pleasantly and graciously.

"Miss Tresham, I see that coincidences have left us no option but to think that we are meant to be friends; and one must never gainsay Fate, you know. Do you think you have Christian charity enough to come to see me sometimes, without exacting the ceremony of visits in

return? I am such a recluse that I cannot think of leaving my cell to encounter daylight."

Katharine looked up with an astonishment which showed itself in every line of her face. She could scarcely believe that these cordial words of invitation were addressed to herself by the same lips that had declined the visits of all the old hereditary friends who had a right to enter Morton House. The cordiality was in Mrs. Gordon's eyes as well as in Mrs. Gordon's tones, however. So, after a short pause, she answered, with the frank grace that all her life had won for her so much liking:

"Indeed, you are very kind, and I shall be very glad to come. I have few acquaintances—none who consider my society of any importance; so it would be strange if I were not flattered by your invitation. It will be a great pleasure to me to see you again when I can. But my time is not my own, you know."

"I cannot help forgetting that," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling—"you seem so little like a governess. What a disagreeable life you must find it, especially in your present situation!"

"No; very much the reverse," said Katharine, quickly. "Mr. and Mrs. Marks are both kind to me; and I shall never forget how generously they took me into their service when I was an entire stranger to them."

"It was like Bessie Warwick," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "I remember her in the old time as very warm-hearted and very impulsive, but rather silly. She was pretty, but so decidedly unbred that nobody wondered when she married much beneath her."

"She seems to have found her right place in the world, however."

"Most women do, or else have sufficient sense to seem as if they do. It is seldom you find one weak enough, or strong enough, to beat against the bars. Then, what are we most inclined to do—pity or scorn her? Either, God knows, is hard enough to bear." She paused a moment, then changed the subject abruptly. "Do you see much of John Warwick? Is he often at his sister's house?"

"He lives there," Katharine answered; "and yet I cannot say that I see much of him. He is absorbed in his profession, and seems to take very little pleasure in society."

"But you like him—do you not?"

"I like him extremely. He is very quiet; but no one could live under the same roof with him and fail to see that he is one of the most thorough gentlemen, as well as one of the kindest of men. I have heard that he can be very hard sometimes; but I can scarcely believe it, when I remember how gentle he is to his sister and the children."

Mrs. Gordon looked at her with a smile. "You are his friend, I perceive," she said.

"I ought to be," the girl answered, quickly, with the remembrance of what he had said to her that afternoon stirring warmly at her heart. "Ingratitude has never been one of my many faults."

"I hoped he would have married long before this," said the other, with a wistful light in her eyes, that Katharine was not slow to interpret. "I do not know any one whom I should better like to see happy—any one whom I would sooner exert myself to help along the road to happiness."

"Mr. Warwick is not unhappy, I am sure," said Katharine, almost resentfully. "He is not one of the men who have no life if they have no fireside. I think a wife would decidedly bore him. He has his clients and his law-books—that is all he wants. No one need pity him for imaginary loneliness."

Mrs. Gordon unclosed her lips, as if to reply; but, before she could do so, the door opened, and Harrison startled them by the announcement that Mr. Warwick had come for Miss Tresham.

Katharine started up at once, full of self-reproach.

"How very inconsiderate of me to have stayed!" she cried, eagerly. "I might have known they would be uneasy; and it is such a long walk to have given Mr. Warwick! How very, very inconsiderate of me!"

She repeated the last expression several times, for her vexation was not least in the thought that she had forced upon Mr. Warwick the very thing he wished to avoid, and brought him to the very house he least desired to enter.

"Don't look so distressed and penitent," said Mrs. Gordon. "It was my fault, not yours; and I am sure he will not mind the walk, especially as he need not repeat it.—Harrison, order the carriage, and show Mr. Warwick in here."

"No! no!" cried Katharine, hastily. "He has had so much trouble about me, pray let me go to him at once, and—and not keep him waiting. I shall not mind the walk at all."

She was drawing her wrappings around her as she spoke, and evidently meant to go at once, if Mrs. Gordon had not interfered very decidedly.

"I will not hear of such a thing," she said. "You must wait for the carriage, and I must send for Mr. Warwick.—Harrison, show him in at once."

Evidently, Mrs. Gordon had been accustomed to the habit of command. Her quiet tones had so much authority in them that Katharine found herself yielding without a word. She sank into her seat, and the next minute Mr. Warwick entered the room.

Whatever he felt, he certainly showed nothing beyond gentlemanly self-possession, as he came forward, meeting Mrs. Gordon's cordially-extended hand with his own, and answering her words of welcome so easily that Katharine felt relieved. What she expected, she could not have told; but certainly something unlike this. Not any faltering, or trembling, or turning pale—she knew the grave, reserved lawyer too well to fear that—but at least some token that his pulses were beating as fast as they surely must beat in presence of the woman who, for twenty-five years (if his sister spoke truth), had stood between him and all thought of other women—some token different from the quiet presence of every day, from the cool glance that saw so much, and the terse speech that said so little—yet they were all there, and as much unchanged as if Pauline Morton's eyes were not looking into his face from the grave of the past.

Presently he crossed over to Katharine and stopped at once the words of penitence with which she was prepared to greet him.

"No," he said, "you must not think any thing of the kind. I came because I wanted to—and a little because Bessie has been uneasy. You know how highly developed her nervous system is. Well, she has been arranging the programme of a very tragic entertainment—Mr. Annesley's horses running away, and leaving you senseless and bleeding in some wayside ditch."

"I am very sorry," said Katharine, too much disturbed to laugh. "It is very kind of Mrs. Marks to take the trouble to be uneasy about me—I am very sorry. I ought to have thought, Mr. Warwick; and then you need not have had all this trouble."

"I told you a minute ago that it was no trouble," he said, a little shortly. And, as Mrs. Gordon advanced, he turned and began speaking about Felix.

"He is quite the hero of the hour," he said. "In fact, he has taken Tallahoma so entirely by storm, that I hope, for the sake of example, you will not let him enter the town to-morrow—he would certainly receive a popular ovation."

"He is not likely to leave the grounds of the House for some time to come," answered his mother, gravely. "I have had a lesson by which I shall profit. Felix's management has been a point at issue between Morton and myself, and the occurrence of this afternoon has showed me that I am right and he is wrong."

"May I not intercede on the side of mercy?" said Mr. Warwick, half jestingly, half in earnest. "You will not think me presumptuous, I am sure, when I tell you that nothing so much shames, or so soon cures untrustworthiness—even the slight, childish form of it which Felix showed this afternoon—as the sense of being trusted."

She looked up at him, with a deep flush on her pale cheeks, and a sudden light in her eyes, that startled both Katharine and himself.

"You speak of what you know," she said, in a low voice. "You speak of those in whom the sense of honor, and the power of being shamed, is born. But you don't speak of, you don't know, the blood that child has in his veins. I know—and, believe me, I can best deal with it."

"Excuse me," he said, hastily. "I did not mean—"

She interrupted him. "Any thing but kindness, I know—only you don't understand. Now tell me if you have heard from Morton. I sent to inquire, and the answer was very satisfactory—but I fear he may have sent it merely to quiet my uneasiness."

"Hardly. No doubt he is well by this time, and probably will make his appearance to answer for himself to-morrow.—Miss Tresham, I am at your service whenever you feel inclined for the walk before us."

"The carriage—" began Mrs. Gordon.

But, at that moment, Harrison once more opened the door, and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"You will come to see me, will you not?" asked the lady, as Katharine bade her good-night. "I don't like to see you go, without an assurance that you will return."

"I will certainly come," said Katharine, with a smile even more bright than usual.

After a few words they took leave, and Miss Tresham found herself rolling rapidly along the road to Tallahoma, and assuring Mr. Warwick that she felt much less tired than excited by her unusual adventures.

CHAPTER XII.—THE TUG OF WAR.

THE morning after his escape from drowning, Morton Annesley woke with that uncomfortable weight on his mind—that sense of something disagreeable, either past or impending—with which every one is familiar who has ever sought sleep rather as a refuge from tormenting thought, than as that "sweet restorer" which Nature intended it should be.

For the space of several minutes he could not think what had occurred; then suddenly a throng of recollections rushed over him; he recalled every thing that had happened. He remembered the adventure at the pond, and the scene that followed his rescue; he remembered the looks and tones of the people who had addressed him; and, above all, he remembered the expression of Katharine Tresham's eyes, when, for one brief second, he glanced up into them! With a sharp, impatient exclamation, he sprang up and began to dress. Some reminiscences prick worse than needles, and to him there could scarcely have been a more disagreeable reminiscence than this. Not even Katharine's eyes could take the sting out of it! There was such a mock heroism about the whole affair, that he fairly ground his teeth over it. Some people would have enjoyed the *écarté* thus conferred upon them, while others, recognizing the ludicrous aspect of the adventure, would have laughed it off with that genial good-nature which it is the best policy in the world to affect, if it be not really possessed. But Morton, poor fellow, did not possess, and could not affect it. Which aspect of the matter—the heroic or the ridiculous—was most distasteful to him, it would be hard to say, or against which he chafed most impatiently. It provoked him to think how Lagrange had gossiped and would yet gossip over the occurrence; and it is to be feared that, in his irritation, he was not so lenient in his feelings toward Felix, as Felix's quixotic protector ought to have been. But there was a good deal of disappointment mingled with this irritation. He had taken so much interest in the boy, he had striven so hard to make him comprehend the moral obligation of a trust, and the chivalric standard of honor, that he was chilled and disappointed by his failure; and felt, if the truth must be told, not a little out of patience with the ungrateful wilfulness which had placed him in his present position. What this position was with regard to Miss Tresham, he had only a faint idea. He knew that he had said something—that he had committed himself in some way—out there beside the pond, before all those people (in his own mind, he was ungrateful enough to call them those confounded people); but what it was he did not know, and certainly had no intention of inquiring. Only it made one thing certain—he could not hesitate any longer. The tug of war—did any misgiving of his heart tell him what a tug it would be?—must come with his mother, and, one way or another, his fate must be decided as only Katharine could decide it.

With his mind full of these thoughts he went down-stairs, across the hall, and out of the open front-door. The morning was very bright, for the atmosphere had capriciously changed; the thermometer had risen from its unwonted depression of the few preceding days, and the air that greeted him was soft, as if the dead Indian summer had returned, or the spring was about to burst. The sunshine was pouring in a dazzling flood over the lawn and piazzas; the gravelled sweep before the house sparkled as if its stones had all been precious gems; the evergreens, dotted about in every direction, seemed to have put on a brighter emerald hue; and a bird that was perched on a magnolia near by, was pouring forth its whole heart in glad rejoicing that the cold was over and gone; that the blue skies, and the soft air, and the golden sunshine, had returned. We are all more or less susceptible to such influences as these; and Annesley, as it chanced, was keenly alive to them. At the first sight of the bright outer world, and the

first note of that trilling lay, his depression suddenly vanished, and his spirits rose like mercury. Almost unconsciously he caught up the notes of the little feathered songster, and, as he went down the steps and turned toward the stables, he was whistling to himself almost gayly.

He found Mr. French talking to the head groom, while one or two subordinate stablemen were rubbing down a large, black horse, that stood patiently undergoing the operation.

"Good-morning, Frank," said Annesley, coming up. "What brings you out so early? Nothing the matter with the Captain, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say there is something the matter with his shoulder," said Mr. French, looking round. "He fell lame while I was riding home, yesterday afternoon. By-the-way, how do you feel after your ducking?"

"I am well, of course," said Morton, a little ungraciously, resuming his usual manner as he went on: "I am concerned about the Captain.—Lead him out there, Jim, and let me see how he walks."

The Captain was led out, and the Captain walked very badly. Some accident had plainly befallen his right shoulder; and the two gentlemen were soon in deep discussion and examination, aided by Isaac the groom, and John the coachman. Various remedies were suggested, and one or two were tried. It was some time before the poor Captain was remanded to his stall, and the two gentlemen bethought themselves of breakfast. "You can take him to the stable, Isaac," said Mr. French, at last. "I'll be out again after breakfast and look at him.—Morton, are you coming?"

Morton said "Yes," rather carelessly; and they turned into a broad walk which led to the house. With the Captain dismissed from his mind, Mr. French remembered something he wished—or, rather, had promised—to say to his brother-in-law. "A man's opinion always has so much weight with a man," his wife had remarked to him. "You must be sure and tell Morton what you think of this nonsense." Mr. French had promised that he would; but now he began to wish that he had not been so rash. Suppose Morton were to be offended? "Hang it!" thought the other, candidly, "I should be offended myself if anybody were to meddle in my private affairs. I wish I had not promised Adela. It is none of my business if he chooses to make a fool of himself." Then he cleared his throat and looked at the abstracted face beside him.

"Are you sure you don't feel any the worse for your exploit yesterday?" he asked, by way of introduction to what he meant to say. "I should think you would, Morton."

"Why the deuce should I?" asked Morton, pettishly. "I'm neither a child nor a woman. Confound the exploit, Frank! can't you let it alone?"

"Oh, of course," said Mr. French, a little surprised. "I didn't know you were sensitive about it. I'm sure it made you rather a hero—at least in the eyes of the ladies. Some of them were exceedingly interested, I can tell you." Then, after a pause—"Morton, I suppose you know what you're about, but don't you think you may be going a little too far with—with one of them?"

"With one of them!" repeated Morton, giving a start. "Whom do you mean?" he asked, more quietly than his companion had expected. "I don't understand."

"I mean that Miss Tresham who lives in Tallahoma, and is a teacher, or something of the sort," answered Mr. French, who, as he had once begun, was determined to blunder through. "Of course, you know your own affairs best, and I hope you won't think me interfering; but I thought I would give you a hint. Young women's heads are so easily turned, and old women's tongues are so confoundingly long, that one is obliged to be careful."

"I am much obliged to you," said Annesley, in a tone which contradicted the words, for he was more angry than he would have liked to confess; "but I believe I can manage my own affairs—and I prefer to do so."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. French, beginning to be a little offended in turn. "I didn't mean to be impertinent. I'm an older man than you are, and I thought I would give you a little friendly advice. It's a devilish disagreeable thing to be talked about as people will talk in these country places; and of course I never supposed you were in earnest about the girl. I'm confident, I need not tell you, Morton, that such a thing would nearly kill your mother."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," said Morton, stiffly. And there the conversation ended.

Mr. French shrugged his shoulders, and thought to himself that he had known how it would be, but that at least he could tell Adela he had done his best; while Morton walked on, with his breast fairly in a flame. So he had made such a fool of himself as that! He had betrayed every thing so plainly that his brother-in-law felt obliged to come and force his advice upon him! Indeed, it was time that he spoke, if only for Katharine's sake, since he had committed himself, and involved her to such an extent as this. Poor Morton! In his single-minded sincerity, it never occurred to him that Mr. French had been prompted to the unusual character which he had assumed. He took it simply as the consequence of his own unguarded conduct; and it confirmed rather than shook his resolution. It would have gone hard with Adela if she could have known the result of her husband's interference.

Breakfast passed off quietly, but rather silently. Adela did not make her appearance, and, although the three others talked at intervals, there was a sense of constraint hanging over them, and they did not remain very long at table. Mr. French was the first person to leave the room, taking out his cigar-case as he did so. Then Morton rose and walked round to his mother.

"Will you come to the library?" he asked. "I have something to say to you."

She looked up at him, and, in a moment divining his purpose, her heart sank. But she had sufficient presence of mind to smile into the grave, earnest eyes regarding her.

"Certainly I will come," she answered, "but I must first see Adela, and give orders about dinner—that is, if you are not in a hurry."

"I am not at all in a hurry," he replied. "If you will come when you are at leisure, that will do. You will find me in the library," he added, as he took up a paper and left the room.

He went to the library, but he soon found that he could not read. It is one thing to hold a paper open before the eyes, and quite another to pay intelligent heed to its contents. Morton did the first diligently; but, with all his efforts, he could not achieve the second. He dreaded the interview with his mother so much that he eagerly desired it to be over; and he caught himself listening to every footstep in the hall outside the door, hoping it might be hers. At last he threw down the paper, and, rising, walked restlessly across the floor.

There was not a pleasanter room at Annesdale than this library, nor one that he liked better; but to-day it might have been an irksome cage, to judge by his impatient movements to and fro. From the fireplace to the windows, and from the windows to the fireplace, he paced, until finally he paused before the latter, and, leaning one arm on the mantel, gazed steadily at an engraving which hung above it—a "St. Cecilia" he had brought from Dresden. Something in the outline of the uplifted face reminded him of Katharine. It was not so much a resemblance as the suggestion of a resemblance. But it had struck him often before, and now it brought her face vividly to his mind. By some strange perversity of association, it also brought to his recollection that day when she sang the "Adelaide" for him, when he had chanced upon the open letter, and when her strange conduct had so chilled and repulsed him.

He was still thinking of these things, and his face looked unusually grave and troubled, when the door opened and his mother entered. She crossed the room, and, as he did not turn, she laid her hand on his arm.

"You wished to speak to me, Morton?" she said. "Here I am."

"My dear mother, thank you," he answered, turning quickly. "I did not hear you come in—how quiet you are!"

"I was afraid you would be tired of waiting for me," she said, sitting down in a deep arm-chair. "Adela is quite unwell, and I stayed with her some time. I thought that, if you wanted to see me about any thing of importance, you would have told me so."

"I wanted to see you about my own affairs," said Morton, plunging headlong into the subject he now felt tempted to avoid. "I want to ask your advice about a very important matter—to me at least," he went on, faintly smiling. "Mother, I have lately thought of marrying."

The room suddenly went round and grew black before Mrs. Annesley's eyes. She extended her hand almost unconsciously, and clutched the corner of a table near by to steady herself. Her worst fears were

realized; but she had sufficient self-control to look up quietly, and say—

"Well?"

"Well," he answered, knowing that the worst could not be too quickly told, "I fear that I am going to disappoint you. I fear that the woman I love, the woman I wish to marry, is not the woman whom you would have chosen for me. But in this matter, no human being, not even the nearest and dearest, can judge for us," he said, gently taking the hand which she had laid on the table. "We can only judge for ourselves, and abide by our choice through good or through ill. Mother, will you not give your sanction to my choice?"

She suffered her hand to remain in his; but her eyes looked cold, and her voice sounded hard when she asked—

"What is her name?"

"Her name," he answered, "is Katharine Tresham. My dear mother," he continued, eagerly, "don't judge her by her surroundings, don't think of the position in which Fortune has placed her. Only judge, only think of her as you will see and love her for herself, as you will—"

He was stopped by a gesture from his mother, as she drew back her hand.

"Go!" she said, bitterly. "I have heard enough. If you had the heart to come and stab me like this, you will not heed any thing I can say to you. Go! Only remember that, if you do degrade yourself in this way, you will cut yourself off from me forever. I will never receive that woman as my daughter; I will never, as long as I live, suffer her to cross the threshold of this house!"

"Mother!"

It was a cry of astonished, grieved reproach, which at any other time would have gone to her heart; but she had now so entirely lost command of herself, and of the emotion which seemed suffocating her, that it rather provoked than allayed her anger. She had feared and in a measure anticipated this for a long time; but it did not make the disappointment any less poignant when it came—it did not teach her any better how to bear it.

"Mother," said Morton, gravely, "you cannot be yourself—you cannot be in earnest when you utter such words as these."

"Go!" she repeated, once more, in a voice choked with tears.

And, as there was nothing else to be done, he walked sadly across the floor, and stood silently at one of the windows, waiting for what would come next—waiting to see whether his mother would recall him, or whether she would leave the room with only those last bitter words.

A long time passed—an hour it seemed to the young man, and it was in reality many minutes—before any sound broke the stillness of the room. Then Mrs. Annesley said:

"Morton!"

He came to her side.

"I am here," he answered, gravely but gently.

She lifted a face that was white even to the lips, and held out her hand.

"My son," she said, "forgive me. I did not mean to pain you; but the shock was so sudden, and very hard to bear."

"My mother, my dearest mother!" he said.

It was all that he did say, but he bent down and kissed the hand she gave him, and peace—or at least a semblance of it—was once more established. After a while it was Mrs. Annesley who spoke first.

"Morton," she said, "have you considered this well?"

"I have considered it well," he answered.

"Your mind is made up?"

"My mind is entirely made up."

"You are determined to inflict this distress upon me, and to ruin your own life by such a misalliance?"

"I am determined to ask Miss Tresham to be my wife," said the young man, looking pale but unshaken. "I would have asked her long ago if it had not been that I hesitated on your account. But now it is not possible for me to hesitate longer."

"Do you mean that you have committed yourself?" she asked, hastily.

"In absolute words—no. Dear mother, don't pain me by combating my resolution," he said, with his eyes full of appeal. "Only tell me that, if she consents to marry me, you will welcome and try to love her."

"Tell me one thing, Morton," said Mrs. Annesley—"what do you know of this woman whom you ask me to receive as your wife? When a man marries he should know all the previous history and all the connections of the woman he chooses. Tell me, my son, what do you know of her?"

She touched his cause in its weakest point, and he knew it. The thoughts he had been revolving when she entered the room—the thoughts that had sealed his lips ever since the day he saw Katharine last—rushed upon him suddenly with overwhelming force, and for several minutes he could not reply. Then the truth came in one word—

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" his mother echoed, in a tone of grieved astonishment. "Nothing, Morton? And yet you ask me to welcome her as a daughter? My son, my dear son, what can you be thinking of? Where is your sense of what is due to yourself and to your name?"

"I know nothing about her," he said, "but I can trust her. She is too pure and noble ever to have done anything that she need blush for."

"But, good Heavens! her relations, her friends—what may they not be?"

"I do not think she has any. I have never heard her speak of them."

"And you think that a good sign? Oh, Morton, Morton!"

"It is not a bad sign, mother," said Morton, beginning to look a little less patient. "Many a girl is friendless, many a girl is obliged to earn her bread as Miss Tresham is doing. It would be cruel to doubt her because Fate has dealt hardly with her. It is true that she has never mentioned her past history or her family circumstances to me; but I have never been in a position to receive such a confidence."

"And you will ask her to marry you without knowing more than this?"

"I should be a cur, not a gentleman, if I inquired into her affairs before asking her."

"Oh, my son, what madness!"

"Mother dear, be patient with me," he said, gently. "Don't you see—can't you tell how hard I am trying to do right? If I had only myself to consider," he went on, walking again from the fireplace to the window, and from the window to the fireplace, "I would sacrifice my wishes to yours. But—but I am afraid it is too late as far as she is concerned."

"You put her before me, then?"

"I put my honor before every thing."

"Your honor should lead you just the other way," she said, lapsing from self-restraint into anger again. "A gentleman's first duty is to his name. What will you be doing with yours when you marry thus?"

"I will not be degrading it," answered he, firmly. "Mother, you do not know Katharine Tresham. If you did know her—if you would know her—you could never speak of her in this manner."

"She has taken you from me, Morton. She has steeled your heart against all my entreaties; she has made you forget what is due to yourself—how can I do other than hate her? How can I stand by silently and see you marry an adventuress?"

"Mother!"

The exclamation was so stern that for a moment Mrs. Annesley shrank. But, before she could speak, Morton gave a great gulp, and hurried on:

"Forgive me, but this had better end. There is no good in prolonging a useless discussion, and I see now that this is useless. I only provoke you, and am pained myself. So I will go. Don't forget that I am very sorry to have grieved you, and, if possible, still more sorry to act against your wishes for the first time in my life."

She let him go—as far as the door; but, when his hand was on the knob, her voice called him back. He returned at once, and, rising, she met him half-way.

"My son, forgive me," she said. "You have never in your life before grieved or disappointed me; you have often given up your will to mine; you have never once failed in respect or duty to me. It is only just, therefore, that my turn for sacrifice should come. I never thought it would be so hard; I never thought you would desire to throw away

your happiness in this way. But, as you will do it—why, take my consent, and God bless you!"

The young man caught her in his arms with something that was almost a sob.

"Mother, my dear, kind mother!" he said. "You don't know how much I longed to hear those words. Thank God, they have come at last!"

He thought the tug of war was over; but, as he clasped his mother in his arms, it would have been strange if he could have known—if he could even faintly have imagined—how completely she had outwitted him, and how the worst struggle was yet to come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNATCHING A HOLIDAY.

"Now, Eamuis, give ear, and my other friends near,
A tale somewhat vaunting I pray you to hear."

ODYSSEY, xiv., 462.

TWO summers ago, I was searching a very vexed title on Murray Hill. After a time, a truce to my perplexities seemed possible if I could procure the signature of a certain lady, living somewhere on Long Island, to a release of right to purchase.

The matter was a delicate one, and I could trust nobody but myself. Moreover, it was charming June weather, and a run in the country would do me good. So I set off. I found a region, not many miles away from the metropolis, which I have never seen written up in guide-book or vacation-book, and among whose aboriginal inhabitants, and bright, untrodden hills, I spent one of the oddest and most exhilarating holidays—for, though in the line of business, it was a real holiday in my life.

Long Island is truly a remarkable region. The edge adjoining New York is fringed with cities, lying in wealth with the metropolis itself. But penetrate inland a few miles, and you run into a long, flat, swampy track, with plateaus of dry and high land at intervals, upon which the poorer classes of New-York mechanics build their homes, spending their lives thenceforward in getting in and out of the city, and shaking with the chills-and-fever, that nightly rises from the miasmatic swamps, and sits brooding like a ghastly nightmare over the whole land. Farther on, toward the south shore and the open ocean, the ground is higher, and resembles, as I shall have occasion to remark again in this article, the aspect of New England. I am told that, within sixty miles of the New-York City-Hall, wild deer are still to be found among these rounded hills.

Over this island, in search of a lady who might have been a myth, for all I knew, through this ague-land and fever-land, I took my solitary way.

My outfit consisted of just such clothes as I wear in my office and in my ordinary walks in and out among the children of men—a Scotch-tweed summer overcoat, companion of many a ramble among the fish-swells of Gloucester, and the argot and argonauts of Marblehead, and a light-silk umbrella, with a natural root-handle very nearly the weight of the umbrella itself, which appears to have sprouted complete therefrom, a slender reed or mushroom full blown, according as it is shut or opened. Mr. Murray, in his delightful, though, I fear me, somewhat Hesperidean and roseate fables of the Adirondacks, is wont, not only to tell us of his outfit taken in detail, but what he paid therefor, and the name of the tradesman who sold it and Mr. Murray at a single bargain. Suffice it for me, that I found both the above enumerated treasures within a radius of ten rods around Union Square, proposing, in my Anabasis, in the spirit of General Pope's order, number one, to live on the enemy.

At the foot of James Slip, East River, New York, there was, at the date of this chronicle, and is to-day, if the wasting breath of Time has not consumed it, a shed, about five feet square, or rather, I should say, five feet crooked, which boasts of a door opening upon South Street. Over this door may be detected, on a clear day, the legend, "Long Island Railroad, Passenger Rooms." A superficial observer might suppose that these "rooms" were christened in the same generous spirit in which the ample-hearted Mr. Richard Swiveller spoke of his garret, as his "apartments;" but I have had an opportunity of examining, and can distinctly asseverate that there are two "rooms," thus confounding the superficial observer aforesaid, and justifying the plural. The second "room" is, I should say, one foot

square, into which is fitted an unhappy man, who sells tickets through a hole in the wall to his partners in misery, the passengers dove-tailed together outside. At certain hours during the day, a ferry-boat, once, I have no doubt, both new and seaworthy, leaves a slip in the near vicinity of these passenger-rooms, and, after a perilous voyage up the East River, lands her surviving passengers at Greenpoint, whence, if their hearts are brave, and their spirit has survived to them, in the face of these repeated terrors, they can take the Long-Island Railroad to Greenport. Our boat, after several blind plunges at the slip—which sounded to me like the refrain of the old song:

"If it was na weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt,
If it was na weel bobbitt, we'll bobbitt again!"—

landed us, and I took my seat in the cars, which are both clean and comfortable, and so very unexpectedly so, after previous experiences, as to cheer one up amazingly, and make him feel as if youth and hope were not altogether delusions and snarers.

I stretched myself upon the welcome cushions, and felt rattled along at as good a rate of speed as I could wish. There had been a camp-meeting somewhere among the abounding swamps and Sloughs of Despond, which I could not but feel to be the correct and proper thing in the premises, and on that account restrained my grumbles at being stopped every seven minutes to take on board the good people, who appeared in little squads at the most unexpected places, stopping the train wherever they pleased, as if depots were such merely optional conveniences as to be beneath the attention of respectable citizens.

I remember particularly one place where the train stopped. Not a soul was in sight, and the single track was fenced in for miles by a wall of rushes, at least six feet high. Judge of my surprise, to see the aforesaid wall parted, just as the fairy in the pantomime parts the curtain at the most unexpected place, by a swarm of camp-meeting *habitués*, who climbed, single file, up the embankment, filling the car almost too deep—and certainly too deep for comfort.

Greenport is a New-England fishing-town—if ever there was a New-England fishing-town out of New England itself. The Long-Island Railroad terminates on a little pier built out into the water, whence you foot it to the hotel. I went to bed with a rush-light, in a room with no lock to the door, and no door to speak of, either. The march of modern improvement had placed a bell in the tavern, and it was hung in the main hall, where all the boarders could get at it. This was not bad, the only consequences being a knock at my door every ten minutes during the night to know if I had rung—my door being nearest the aforesaid bell, which must have kept up a cheery jingle in the bar, if the tattoo on my panels was any criterion.

In the morning I was awakened by an altercation in the backyard, under my window, between the 'ostler and the "boots," as to whether the elephant, in a circus which had lately visited the town, had or had not danced a polka on his ear; the 'ostler so affirming, while the "boots" maintained that it was clearly impossible, and that it must have been the camel. I heard this whole dispute somewhat at a disadvantage, but am confident that the merits are as I state them. Breakfast would not be spread for an hour, so I strolled down to the water's edge. Imagine a city man looking at a sunrise! That was one of the few I have seen in the course of a somewhat eventful life. But what a one it was! All sunrises are glorious, as I am informed and believe.

But here, on a precious June morning, over waters so cool and green that I imagine Long-Islanders have striven to embalm their estimation of that pigment by tacking a "green," by way of prefix, upon every thing of which they have had the christening within a hundred miles, the splendor that the sea gave back was like another sun. Here was Nature in her Sunday clothes, and only I alone to enjoy her!

Rocking before me were one or two respectable schooners, and a hecatomb of fishing-smacks, their graceful strips of sides painted red, blue, yellow, and, above all, green, and their white sails reefed up, or swinging listlessly in the half-breeze. The water was rolling in pretty swells toward the shore, mixing up the fish-boats, and toppling the tall masts of the schooners. I could not forbear, and, stripping so much of myself as was proper, I took a little splash, and felt at home in the mild brine.

The crowning industry of the people up here seems to be the "manufacture of fish," so called. They certainly succeed in manufacturing a most villainous stench, and, if smells are good fertilizers, I cannot conceive of a country where broom-corn would grow higher,

or cereals yield more bushels to the acre, than in the vicinity of Greenport.

I understand these fish-factories to be establishments for the conversion of fish into manure. What they do with their manure, after it is converted, I have not the first conception, for I saw none of it being moved in cars or wagons, but, on the contrary, great heaps of it, breathing pestilence and breeding corruption, all over the country. There is a huge "fish-factory" constructed of hulks of old whalers, anchored just opposite Greenport, whose inhabitants can get up early, as I did, and revel in an exhilarating breeze from the sea, when, if they can detect any thing but the nasty breeze of the "fish-factory," it must be the result of long practice, and a stronger stomach than mine. Still, I am New-Englander enough to admit that the odor of aged fish is very healthy.

What an invaluable ally of man is this same finny tribe! They are food for his table, sport for his rod, a dressing for his land, and alimint for his canary-birds! Besides which, I have seen at Mackinac great fatty sturgeons piled up like cord-wood on the wharf, and used to feed the furnaces of the great lake propellers.

Now, all animals are more or less available to navigation, but I maintain a fish to be the only living thing capable of use as fuel. True, the early Christians were utilized in that line to some extent, and we know that King Nebuchadnezzar once so experimented upon three Hebrew gentlemen, sparing no pains to make his experiment a success; but it was not. They would not burn.

Returning to my tavern, I had one of the best breakfasts I ever swallowed, delicious clams, delicate water-cresses, with butter sweet as honey and yellow as the sunrise I had seen.

Being perfectly aware that whatever excess of breakfast could be stowed away now would stand me in good stead about supper-time—dinner I did not look for—I did all these dainties ample justice.

Before leaving Greenport, I want to say a word for and about it. It is a good place to wear out old clothes in—easy-fitting old clothes; and to go about in wide, roomy slippers. Everybody takes life so easily there, talks so leisurely and composedly, rides, walks, drives, eats, drinks, and communicates information, so slowly and serenely, that I can imagine a tight boot or collar never exists there at all, and would not be tolerated a moment.

Mine host at the hotel—I have forgotten his or its name, though both stared me in the face from a square sign-board that creaked from a traditional pole well into the street—was a homely and hearty innkeeper of the olden time. Civilization—or, as Washington Irving would say, the barbarisms of civilization, railroads, steamboats, and palace-coaches—have driven off the old way-side inns, where the host gathered his guests before the open chimney, and with his wife, standing with pink arms akimbo, for one of his auditors, spun long-winded yarns to their edification and his own, while the guests responded to the compliment by cramming the old fellow up with all sorts of cock-and-bull and fish stories for his next audience. But here, inside of a hundred miles from New York, was one of the last of the stock. He took care of me like a son, piloted me down to the dock, put me aboard the "ferry," and waved his fat hand as I glided away. All this in consideration of the modest pecunium which was all he demanded for my keep.

The eastern end of Long Island is shaped like the distended jaws of a sperm-whale. I have no doubt but that the country has grown so on account of the people around there having been more or less intimately related to sperm-whales until very recently.

On the upper jaw of this whale, just where the lip begins, to pursue the conceit, and looking out upon Long-Island Sound, is Greenport.

The lower jaw terminates in Montauk Point; under the chin, with its long range of beach, on which the unbroken waves of the Atlantic spend their fury, are the Hamptons, South and East, while the chasm of the mouth has its apex in Riverhead, perhaps fifty miles inland.

Right across this whale's mouth, like props to keep the jaws apart, lie Gardiner's, and, farther inland, Shelter Island. Between this latter and the main land, is Great Peconic Bay; between Gardiner's and Shelter Island lies Gardiner's Bay.

All this region was formerly the hunting-ground of the Shineecoc, Cochang, Manhasset, and Montauk Indians, and after them, and until November 30, 1664, Governor Winthrop having discovered at that date that this land was included in the Duke of York's grant, under the control of Connecticut. I amused myself with conjecturing how

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strong must have been the personality of that hardy Puritan race, that they could have managed, in so short a time, to have stamped their likeness upon every blade of grass, every tree, rock, fence, and farm-house, in Suffolk County.

I found these islands as green and lovely spots as ever eye of man could rest upon.

The water in these bays and inlets—for the islands are penetrated, every few hundred yards, by bayous—is as still and mellow as the sky itself, and is, in almost every case, fringed with a broad beach. A summer-house or shooting-box, built here, would command every beauty that Nature can bestow on summer-houses, and command, besides, fishing, hunting, yachting, and bathing, of the best.

Gardiner's Bay reminds us of William Kidd:

—"as I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was William Kidd; as I sailed,
My name was William Kidd, and God's laws I did forbid;
And so wickedly I did, as I sailed." *

Greenport lies, as I said before, on the upper jaw of our sperm-whale, while just opposite, about three miles off, is the upper end of Shelter Island. At rare though not entirely supposititious intervals, a citizen of Greenport will feel moved to visit Shelter Island, which remote contingency has been foreseen by an ancient mariner who is too old to fish. For fishing I find to be, out here, the second duty of man. The youngers all go to sea until they are thirty, stay at home and fish until sixty, and then live, until they shuffle off this mortal coil, under their own vine and fig-tree.

This ancient mariner, then, being too old to fish, maintains an intermittent ferry by means of a fishing-smack, such as I saw before breakfast. I climbed into it, down the black timbers of the wharf; the skipper lighted his pipe, trimmed his sail, and we glided away over the crystal water.

This little ride of five miles was the loveliest of my trip. Ever

* Mr. William W. Campbell, in a late work, has, after the manner of the iconoclast Gould, who assures us that such a man as William Tell there never was, proved that Pirate Kidd was no pirate at all, but an unfortunate man—the scape-goat of his noble partner's, the Earl of Bellamont's, sins. But, be that as it may, *à propos* of Gardiner's Bay I find the following in "A Sketch of the First Settlement of the Several Towns in Long Island," etc., by Silas Wood, Brooklyn, 1834:

"William Kidd, who was commissioned in 1696 to go against the pirates who then infested the seas, became a pirate, sailed to Madagascar, and ravaged the sea and the coast from the Red Sea to the coast of Malabar for nearly a year, when he returned with more valuable spoil than perhaps ever fell to the lot of a pirate. On his way from the West Indies to Boston, he anchored in Gardiner's Bay, landed on the island, and buried a box of gold, silver, and precious stones. The owner of the island was intrusted with the secret, and his life was the pledge of its security. Kidd made similar deposits in other places along the coast. On Kidd's arrival at Boston, on the 1st July, 1699, he was seized and committed by order of the governor, the Earl of Bellamont, and among his papers was found an account of all his deposits.

"Commissioners were appointed to collect and secure them. They called on Mr. Gardiner for the box that was deposited on the island, who, after he was assured that Kidd was in safe custody, and not likely to be again in a condition to injure him, produced the box, and delivered it to the commissioners.

"Kidd was sent to England and tried, and executed May 9, 1701. The tradition of his having buried treasures along the coast, unaccompanied by the history of their discovery, has given rise to the idle practice of money-digging, under the impression that those treasures are still to be found.

"Among the papers of the late John L. Gardiner, Esq., is an account of the treasure deposited on the island, taken from the list of Kidd's treasures which were secured by the commissioners, as follows:

Received, the 17th inst., from Mr. John Gardiner—	
Three bags of gold-dust, containing...	136 oz.
Two bags of gold bars, " " "	501½
One bag of coined gold, " " "	11 and silver 194 oz.
One bag of broken silver, " " "	173½
Two bags of silver bars, " " "	521
Two bags of silver buttons and a lamp.	29
One bag containing three silver rings and sundry precious stones.....	4½ oz.
One bag of unpolished stones.....	12½
	648½
	847½
	17½

"One bag containing one piece of Bristol and Beroor stones, two cornelian rings, two small agates, and two amethysts."

"Which account was presented by Samuel Sewell, Nathaniel Byfield, Jeremiah Dummer, and Andrew Belcher, Esqs., commissioners appointed to receive and secure the same, under oath, to the Earl of Bellamont, Governor of Massachusetts."

This is only a part of the first of thirteen sheets in which the whole account is contained, as it is certified by H. C. Addington, Secretary of State, July 25, 1699.

and anon we would sail into the shadow of one of those green hills of whose cool charms for my tired city eyes I cannot say too much, when the water would be black as Erebus; then, a moment afterward, into the sunshine again, where it was of that tender sea-shell tint of green whose like I never saw before, and have never seen since.

My Charon landed me on Shelter Island, alone with my cigar, my umbrella, and myself, and, after having briefly directed me to walk up the hill, where I could find somebody among the farm-houses to carry me to the next ferry—for there is a second island, lying end to end with Shelter Island, and with it forming the imaginary timber across the whale's mouth—relighted his furnace—i. e., his pipe—and ho! again for Greenport.

Some time after this I was one of a party of gentlemen who were discussing the relative merits of motive powers. They spoke of wind, steam, water, air, gas, and electricity; but I was the only one among them who had ever seen a vessel propelled by tobacco.

I worked leisurely up the hill, too complacent in the delicious morning to take note of time. Everywhere the likeness of this country to my native New England forced itself upon me—the apple-trees along the road-side, the stone fences, the houses—when there were any houses at all—of the old-standard pattern, one colossal chimney over two windows on each side, and five above the front-door.

I cannot imagine our sires daring to live in a house with less or more windows or chimneys. Horseshoes would have availed naught against witch or goblin, had this orthodox architecture been varied. I am positive there must be a blue law somewhere on the subject.

In this region, it is true, the fields are not macadamized with bowlders, nor the sheep's noses filed down to penetrate between them, as in some parts of New England; but this is, I believe, the only exception to the resemblance.

There was, upon the day of which I write, a certain old farmer, who for a consideration was willing to prop up between the thills of a crazy superstructure on four wheels the leanest horse I ever saw, where, supported on both sides, and once under way, he (the horse) worried us across the island pretty well, considering the amount of flesh on his back.

It seemed to me, as we jogged along among the apple-orchards and wind-mills of this primeval country, that I had somehow fallen asleep on Prince Agib's magic carpet, and been borne backward to the days of the Puritans. The old man at my side was mute as one of Hendrik Hudson's nine-pin players among the Catskills. I had tried to make him speak at first, but without avail, and finally had relapsed into silence myself.

What with the stillness and the hard board seat, I grew uneasy; the sphinx at my side began to take shapes out of the *Magnolia Christi*; I conjured him to be one of the regicides, like him who whilom appeared to the beleaguered faithful in Deerfield Church. Anon his beard became frostier, and his old slouched hat became a cockle-shell. I seemed to have struck upon the long-lost Isle of the Puritans, which, tradition says, is floating off this coast; and the impression was assisted by the windmills—orthodox erections, such as we have grown used to in the publications of the American Tract Society, wherein, besides this primitive land, they do now alone survive—and the wells, with their long sweeps standing up against the sky like an arc of ninety degrees, with its cosine and tangent.

At last the sphinx pulled up his Rosinante upon a long, low, crescent-shaped beach, beyond which spread the same apple-green water, with the shadow of the hills upon its breast, and left me to my fate.

"You kin," he said, breaking the long silence from a sense of duty—"you kin throw up yer hat, or wave yer handkercher, an' maybe like they'll see ye on t'other side, and fetch ye across."

With such words of friendly counsel did he leave me to myself.

The reader will perhaps have perceived ere this that my umbrella, the principal item of my outfit, had been, up to this time, entirely ornamental. It now became useful as well. I tied my pocket-handkerchief around its knobby neck, and, standing where the island ended and the wave began, waved prodigious salutations to the other side—but of no avail.

After ten minutes of this performance, I grew weary, and looked about me for a seat. I had noticed a little graveyard, about a furlong back, and overhanging the beach just in a lawn of clover and short grass. I had picked up an apple or two in my ride, and, as my brisk travelling had begun to stir up an appetite within, I determined to find my way back to the graveyard and eat them. As a rule, I dis-

like graveyards—what are they but harsh and dreary reminders of the time, already upon us, when we shall lie in one of them? and these reminders come soon enough to us all. Who can care to visit a spot where the bloom of every flower, the floss of every leaf, the sap of every tree, is part and parcel of a human life that was—is part and parcel of the friend we loved, perhaps?

I, for one, do not care

"To think of summers yet to come,
That I shall never see;
To think there is a flower to bloom,
Of dust that I shall be."

So I speedily finished my apples and my elegy in a country church-yard. And now my repetition of the umbrella and handkerchief feat was crowned with success, for I saw a sail-boat pushing out from the opposite shore. As its keel grated on the beach, I jumped in and encountered a man who was destined unconsciously to figure in a great many after-speculations of mine. Mentally and physically there was in him much food for marvel. He was tall and spare, angular and bony; he had a long nose; eyes clean buried behind iron-gray tufts of eyebrows; short, scrubby, gray hair; beard and whiskers which grew clear down his neck, enveloping it down to his breast in muffer of odious-looking grizzle. His shirt was of white stuff—that is, I suppose the stuff was white when the shirt was made—and his trousers of coarse blue; to these add a fraction of hat, and you have the man's wardrobe.

Seeing my new friend was more communicative than the last, I began: "I am on my way to Sag Harbor; can you tell me how I can get there?"

"Where do you come from?"

"Greenport."

"When?"

"This morning."

"How d'ye get on t'other side?"

"I drove over."

I began to think it was about time to receive a response to my one question, having answered three of his. So I repeated, "Can you tell me how to get to Sag Harbor?"

"Wall," replied the strange customer, "it's nigh on to seven mile there"—this very deliberately indeed.

"Can't I find anybody who will drive me over?"

"Yes; I guess you might."

"Whom shall I ask?"

"Wall, I don't know but I might drive you over myself, only daddy won't let me take the horse. How much 'ud ye give me to drive ye over there?"

I hope the reader will note that he was a full-grown man, nearly sixty years old, and yet in wholesome fear of his daddy, such as we New-Yorkers cannot hope to impress upon our three-year-olds. The conversation continued:

"How much do you want?" I asked.

"Will you give me fifty cents?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I don't know but what it's worth the resk. Guess I'll resk it, anyhow."

This strange manner of man lived with his "daddy" aforesaid, his mother, and one brother, in a little frame house, one side of whose roof came down to within five feet of the ground. I had and still have a consuming curiosity to see that "daddy." How old must he have been, and yet how strong! How vigorous in mind and body to have inspired such a dread of his displeasure in his old boy! My only regret is, that we didn't run afoul of him on the way to Sag Harbor, though perhaps it would have been annihilation to me. I wonder if he let his boy have that fifty cents for spending-money, or whether it was confiscated at sight? I wonder if he'll let him have his own way when he grows up? When we touched the shore, my queer friend, having ascertained that his "daddy" was away from home, announced that he would drive me over to Sag Harbor, and I went in-doors to rest until he should be ready to start. The farm-house seemed to consist of one room, which was kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and bedroom, all at once. "The boys," my friend and his brother—I understood them to be nearly of an age—slept together in the garret, which was reached by a ladder in the corner.

Feeling thirsty, I asked for a drink. "There's the mug," said the old lady, "and" (pointing out of the window to where an old-fashioned well-sweep was visible about sixty rods off), "there's the well—you

kin drink all you like." I took my mug silently, when the old lady had an after-thought. "If you be a-going down there, you might take that 'ere bucket along and fill it;" but this proposition I failed to consider, and set out contentedly with only the mug.

My juvenile companion had meanwhile put two healthy horses before a farm-wagon, spread a miniature bed-ticking (I haven't the remotest idea what use it could have been), upon the hard and springless seat, the agreed honorarium was paid, I lighted a fresh cigar, and mounted for my ride.

The island is a beautiful succession of teeming farms, usually put into oats and hay, as I judged, and wearing that same rolling contour which I had admired on Shelter Island.

My queer friend had filled his pockets with "doughnuts," and, hospitably offering me one, I found it quite palatable, and put away another. Mind you, I had not broken fast, save with my apples among the tombs, since seven, and it was now twelve o'clock.

We took a *détour* of about eight miles to avoid meeting my friend's "daddy," who had gone to Sag Harbor with a load of "garden-sass."

The village of Sag Harbor lies on an arm of Gardiner's Bay, partly in East and partly in South Hampton townships; we approach it over a long bridge, or causeway, built of rough logs, across an inlet of the bay. The tide was out, and the mud was strewn with stranded yachts, yawls, and smacks, and the accumulated *débris* and little pools of bilge left by a sea-tide, and the fresh salty smell of algae, so grateful to a son of the sea-shore, greeted my nostrils.

Sag Harbor was, years ago, the third port of entry in the Union as regarded the whaling-trade; to-day, the battered sea-sick hull of her last whaler, dismasted and keeled over, lies abreast of the town, the copper being stripped from her sides by the enterprising firm which has bought her for junk. The decline of the whale-fishery has been the death of Sag Harbor. In 1840, her tonnage was 20,405; in 1850, 12,808; in December, 1864, 1,882; of which 1,829 was in the whale-trade; and I suppose to-day that her occupation is altogether gone.

I want to stop right here to put down a story told me concerning this solitary whaler mentioned above, that looms like a great black kraken over the doomed seaport. I met, on my return to New York, on board of the little steamer *Escort*, a very intelligent gentleman, now a merchant in Brooklyn, but born and reared in Sag Harbor, and who, therefore, as a matter of course, had been on a whaling-voyage. I have never seen him since we climbed ashore at New York; but, if his eye ever meets these pages, I trust he will let me know of his whereabouts.

Once upon a time, when Sag Harbor was rich in whale-oil, there lived a certain skipper who possessed, among other treasures, a beautiful daughter. The father had grown rich in the sperm-fishery, thirty of his vessels were cramming their sleek sides with blubber in the northern seas, and ashore his smiling farms and fat hay-ricks were scattered far and near.

Now a certain youth there was who had long nursed his bashful love for this beautiful daughter, until, emboldened to confess it, he had been blessed by a responsive avowal of her own. But boy and girl alike felt instinctively that the stern, rich old man would never hear of their wedding, and so the old, old story of stolen love and hopeless kisses was acted over again, until, one day, all was discovered, and the boy was packed off to the only penitentiary the village knew, their Alma Mater, but their Nemesis as well, a whaling-voyage.

For two long years our hero pined before the mast; but, with a brave as well as a tender heart, most manfully he strove to do his duty. Knowing well the only way to his lady's hand—her heart was his already—must, so to speak, be carved through solid blubber, and could never be travelled by blubbering with his eyes alone, he did what he had to do well, and came back second mate of the craft where he had shipped before the mast.

Proud in his own self-consciousness, he boldly demanded his bride. But the old man only laughed in his face. "Poh, poh!" said he, "my daughter owns a fleet of whalers, and a hundred men as good as you. Why should she marry you, when she owns you without?"

"Sir," said the brave boy, "she loves me; but I will not ask her for that alone. You shall see what I can do. If you will give me the command of one of your ships, I will bring you back, in one cruise, three times the wealth your captains bring you now, or release my claim to your daughter."

"That is bold talk," said the skipper, "and I should like to put you to the test; but I have no ship at home."

"Well, sir," said our hero, "if you will build me a ship, I will pay for it in a single voyage."

"I like your spunk," said the old man. "I will build a new ship, and, if you pay for it in one trip, you shall marry my daughter, if she will marry you. But, while the ship is building, you must not see her, and she shall be at liberty to forget you, if she wants to."

These were hard conditions for a loving heart, but Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, and our hero could serve three. This was the story. The ship was built and paid for. In the fulness of time the wedding was celebrated, the old skipper turned up his toes, and the story of bride and groom had literally the conclusion we used to give to our childish histories—"and they lived in peace and died in a pot of grease"—and there is the identical ship to-day "to witness if I lie."

Sag Harbor in those days was a busy, bustling town, her streets full of strangely-dressed men, toilers of the sea from under every sky. Sag Harbor to-day has dropped into that eternal sleep from which it may never waken more. As I rode along the quaint and stilly streets, "Here," thought I, "one could live forever, devoutly believing in the Marquis of Carabas, in William Tell, Captain Kidd, Pocahontas, and the Man in the Moon; in the horrid 'maelström on the coast of Norway,' down which were pictures of full-rigged ships sailing perpendicularly, in our first geographies; in Hell-Gate and its perils, and in every darling fiction, of which the soft-tongued Southrons say 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato,' but which this sad iconoclastic age has battered down with doubts."

Once upon a time there sat, at the intersection of two thoroughfares, in the ingenuous city of Boston, a deaf old organ-grinder, from "morn till dewy eve," discoursing popular harmonies, and solaced by occasional cents, until some waggish stranger—he could not have been a Bostonian, perhaps he was a New-Yorker—cleverly extracted, one night, the bowels from his instrument. But the all-unconscious grinder sat next morning, placidly as ever, on the curbstone, grinding away the most grateful silence, until an examination, induced by the unusual harvest of pennies, disclosed the trick. Historians tell us, however, so profitable had his toil become, that he forbore to replace the lungs of his Cecilia, but sits there to this day grinding peacefully away at nothing at all!

Even such, methinks, must be the life of a man in the quiet town before me, where noise and bustle are forever banished, and where life, as it slips along, gives no sound to warn the poor wretch of its decadence.

Even so, grinding away at nothing, and producing naught!

I have mentioned that, in approaching Sag Harbor, we crossed a long, low bridge, or causeway, over a bayou of mud, that at high tide became an arm of the sea. Just discernible to one who cares to hunt for it, is a long black timber, embedded in the slime, which tradition tells was once the keel of a ship, and over it has been treasured up the following legend:

Once upon a time there arose a mighty wind from the sea, and a whaling-vessel, homeward bound, was driven clear up here, where she lay high and dry. For long years it remained, until at last the masts had fallen or been borne away, and a huge fissure in the side, broken by shipwreck, became enlarged by time and the small urchins of Sag Harbor parentage, who were wont to make the old hulk their playhouse at low water.

One dark night, two of the small boys aforesaid, who had been belated in the woods on the other side, were hurried home by a tremendous crash of thunder and a sudden brightening of the sky, the whistling of the winds, and the ominous flashes of lightning. Just as they were crossing the causeway a remarkably brilliant flash of lightning made every thing around them visible, and, to their surprise, they saw the old hulk upright on her keel with her three masts in their places, full rigged, and standing out under full canvas.

After the flash which revealed her had subsided, the boys were still more astounded to see that from the huge fissure in her side there gleamed a strange and brilliant light. All trembling with fear, yet, goaded by that curiosity which in boys with easy consciences can overcome even terror, they crawled up until they could see through the fissure right into the hold of the old ship.

What a sight met their gaze! The hold was full of men, strange, shaggy-bearded, coarse-handed, swarthy men, such as they had seen old salts fresh landed from a three-years' cruise.

They had evidently just boarded a whale, and were busy stowing

away the blubber in barrels, tubs, and casks. Some were filling great hogsheds with creamy oil, pouring it from huge dippers with long, greasy handles. Long tackles depending from the decks above were laden with lumps of blubber, which were unloaded and sent up again by the silent, ghostly crew.

Not a word was uttered. The captain gave his commands by nod and beck, and the men who headed up the well-filled barrels struck with noiseless hammers on wood that gave back no sound in return.

Lost in amazement, the boys stood with eyes riveted to the wonderful vision. At last, emboldened by the silence, one of them stirred in his place. In an instant the ghostly business ceased, and every one of the spectre crew turned and gazed upon the intruders. Paralyzed with an awful fear, the boys fainted. When they came to themselves all was dark and black again, and, with dizzy heads and heavy feet, they managed to gain their homes.

Their story was first laughed at, then tolerated, and before morning the town settled in its full and confident belief. Many began to bethink themselves of, and to testify to, strange sounds in the whistling of the wind, like the shouts of sailors on shipboard, and, not fancying to be outdone in the marvellous by mere boys, essayed more or less blood-curdling reminiscences in the interest of the commonwealth.

Strangest of all, at daybreak, when a wondering crowd sought the scene of the wreck, it was found to have gone entirely to pieces. Huge scales of its sides lay about; its ribs had been carried off to various distances; but only the rotten keel lay undisturbed in the slough.

From that very day, say the wiseacres, the whale-fishery of Sag Harbor—its sole and only wealth—began to decline. Ship after ship came home empty; news upon news of whalers lost at sea with all on board; and, finally, the last of the fleet—her occupation gone—came home and anchored opposite the wharf, as I have seen, and faithfully chronicled.

The streets of Sag Harbor are just what they should be in so sleepy a town. Long rows of elms line them, green lawns and antique houses border them, and here and there a quiet church-yard peered its white eyes out upon us, as if old "Tempus Edax" could not let a single calm elapse without a monition of the eternal debt we owe to Nature and to him.

Everybody I met in the streets was walking leisurely; there was nothing in the world for them to hurry about. Verily, as in Tennyson's "Lotus-land," "it seemed always afternoon."

On a green lawn I came across some pretty girls playing croquet. That brought me back to the modern world again, but for that I might have slept with Rip Van Winkle.

I am very grateful to those pretty girls playing croquet. They woke me up, and set me about my business.

When I came to bid good-by to my Fidus Achates, he, learning that I should, in all probability, set out for East Hampton in an hour, and having, in the distance at which he found himself from home, lost that wholesome fear of his daddy which had kept him until now in a kind of tremor, proposed to hold on, drive me there himself, and turn another honest penny.

Inasmuch as the stage-coach from Sag Harbor did not leave until late in the evening, I readily and, as the event proved, fortunately agreed—for a little questioning determined me—and in a short time I was back again on the ticking, and ho! for East Hampton.

And now I could distinguish the far-off music of the sea, like the hum of the sea-shell pressed against my boyish ear, or as on our knees we hear from the far-off cloister the last sublime amen dying slowly away in the wail of the organ.

On we go over roads high-walled on either side with willows, and at last I feel the sea-mist wetting my cheek, and I am in East Hampton.

Here my journey ended, for here I found the lady of my errant search. East Hampton is a well-known watering-place, and needs no description from me. Along the broad and quiet beach stand the old farm-houses shaded by the older trees. I do not believe there are anywhere else in the world such grand and massive elms, pensive in their solitary state, as if brooding over the changes they have seen.

Beyond that beach is the open and the trackless sea. This is Ultima Thule, and there is the wailing waste of brine.

And even now, as I sit in my office, among briefs, and notices,

and orders to show cause, there come to me glimpses of that quiet sea-beach at East Hampton where the sea-weed still blackens in the sun and mist—still blown by breezes from the mournful Atlantic—and far beyond it the sea still wailing its ceaseless monody.

JAMES APPLETON MORGAN.

MONOGRAMS.

THE present mania for these engraved conundrums is only a revival. After a suspension of two centuries or so, the epidemic is having another run. These devices can be traced back to early ages—to the Greeks at least, and possibly to Egyptian parentage. Derived from two Greek words signifying *sole*, or *only*, and *letter*, they are defined as "characters, or ciphers, composed of two or more letters interwoven, being an abbreviation of a name."

Some modern engravers dispute this, and say that the true monogram should be so contrived that any two of its letters, if not all, should have some portion in common. Thus the diphthong *Æ* is a true monogram, and as such it may be held as embracing the four initials *A E F L*, in any desired order; albeit there is a shadow of a theory that in these combinations the initial of the surname should be the most prominent letter.

Without splitting hairs, however, over niceties of definition, it is true that many of our modern monograms are not "abbreviations of names," but merely intertwisted initials, or what dissenting engravers call a cipher, and, like the Dutchman with his riddle, one wants a "schlate und bencil" to decipher them.

Monograms were used on the coins of the old Greek cities by the early Christians, by the Carolingian sovereigns; the "merchants' marks" of the middle ages were often monograms, as were the devices on tradesmen's tokens, the signatures of old painters, and printers, while they are by no means unknown to modern publishers. The subject furnishes its share of interest to the antiquarian, and a few years since there was published in London a little volume on "Monograms, Ancient and Modern; their History and Art-treatment, with Examples," etc.

As a means of handing down one's name to posterity, they can hardly be considered perfect successes. A monogram of an old painter, comprising a P, a C, an L, and a D, as far as I can make out, has puzzled the readers of *Notes and Queries*, and has been ascribed to Peter Quast, Lewis Crosse, Sir Peter Lely, and I know not how many others.

At the present rate of display among our people, the monogrammaniacs will soon run out of localities on which to manifest their love for letters. From seals and rings, jewelry and watches, cards and note-paper, plate and carriages, they have descended to table-linen, bath-towels, dog-cloths and shirt-collars, until there seems to be no spot left on which to apply them, unless it be to tattoo them on the forehead or put them on the door-plate. In the latter case we venture to suggest that a small boy at hand with a *libretto* will be a needful accessory, for none but the individual to be guessed at could translate the hieroglyphic snarl which looks like the tangle of angle-worms known as an eel-bob.

Who can tell whether S. J. M. curleued together stands for Susan Jane Muggins, Melville J. Snooks, Julia Melissa Spriggins, or Moses S. Jinks?

Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" With what a deal more reason he might ask, What's in a monogram?

A. STEELE PENN.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F. R. S.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER was born in Exeter, October 29, 1813. His father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, was a dissenting minister, favorably known as a writer on theological subjects. More widely known, however, as a zealous worker in the cause of juvenile reformation, is his sister, Miss Mary Carpenter. Only his earliest childhood was spent in Exeter, for in 1817 the family removed to Bristol. Like several distinguished Englishmen of the present day, among whom are to be named Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Carpenter's subsequent achievements cannot be traced

to the training received at any of the public schools; since his early instruction was carried on entirely under his father's roof. Besides the ordinary branches of an English lad's education, he devoted himself to physics and chemistry, for which he already showed a special taste and aptitude. His wish was to become a civil engineer, but, no suitable opening presenting itself at this time in that profession, he yielded to the desire of his family that he should study medicine. Mr. J. B. Estlin, a general practitioner of high standing in Bristol, and brother-in-law of Dr. Pritchard, the ethnologist, having offered to take him as a pupil and apprentice to the medical profession, an engagement to this effect was entered into. This was in 1828. Besides receiving private instructions, Mr. Carpenter attended lectures at the Bristol Medical School, and at the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Institution, and had hospital practice at the Bristol Infirmary. In the winter of 1832, the state of Mr. Estlin's health rendering it desirable that he should make a voyage to the West Indies, Mr. Carpenter accompanied him to St. Vincent, where he stayed several months, and also visited the island of Granada.

On his return to Bristol, Mr. Carpenter resumed his medical studies and practice. In 1834 he went to London, where he prosecuted his studies at University College and Middlesex Hospital. It was at this time, while attending the lectures of Dr. Grant on Comparative Anatomy, that he imbibed that special love for the subject which has resulted in the production of those volumes on Physiology by which he is most generally known. Having passed his examination at the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Hall, he went in 1835 to Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to professional studies, under the able guidance of the distinguished men who at that time upheld the fame of Edinburgh University as one of the first medical schools in Europe. While here, he was elected the first of the four annual presidents of the Royal Medical Society.

After having spent two sessions in Edinburgh, Mr. Carpenter accepted the lectureship on Medical Jurisprudence in the Bristol Medical School, and at the same time commenced general practice in Bristol, intending to devote what spare time he might have to scientific pursuits. About this time he became a frequent contributor to various periodicals. Among the first of these contributions was a paper, "On the Voluntary and Instinctive Actions of Living Beings," published in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. In the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, of which he eventually became the editor, his papers are remarkable alike for number and for varied contents. The first, which appeared in the July number of 1837, was on "Vegetable Physiology." This was succeeded in the following year by a critique on that portion of Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences" which relates to physiology; and by an article on his favorite subject; "The Physiology of the Spinal Marrow," where the writer discusses the doctrine of reflex action which Dr. Marshall Hall had recently propounded as new. These are tolerably good beginnings for a young man of twenty-four years.

An impulse and direction were given to Mr. Carpenter's studies about this time, by his becoming possessed of a microscope, which a prize of thirty pounds, gained at Edinburgh University in 1837, for the best essay of that year, enabled him to purchase. He had already formed, and begun to execute, his design to write the now famous treatise entitled "General and Comparative Physiology," the first edition of which appeared in 1838. The scientific reader will not need to be told the general character of this work; and any account of it, to be of use to the non-scientific reader, would transgress the limits of this biographical sketch. Dr. Carpenter confesses that the course of study he had to go through in bringing out the work was of immense service to him, though it was rather detrimental than otherwise to success in the practice of his profession.

Up to this time the subject of this memoir had not received the degree of M. D. According to one of the regulations of the University of Edinburgh, a three-years' attendance was requisite for graduation; and when Mr. Carpenter accepted the post of lecturer at the Bristol Medical School, he had only completed his second year. Now, however, a change in the rules enabled him to graduate in 1839 by an additional residence of three months. His thesis on the occasion of taking his degree—"On the Physiological Inferences to be deduced from the Structure of the Nervous System of Invertebrate Animals"—gained for its author one of the gold medals annually distributed. The views advanced by the essayist, though meeting with some opposition for a time, were at once adopted by Professor Owen

and others, and have since passed into general acceptance among scientific men.

The scientific aspects of medicine having from the beginning possessed attractions superior to the strictly practical, Dr. Carpenter resolved to devote himself wholly to the study of physiology, the delivering of lectures, private tuition, and writing. On being appointed Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, he resigned his post in the Bristol Medical School, and came in 1844 to London, where he has resided ever since. Hitherto he had been engaged chiefly in reducing to system the results of the investigations of others; as in his "Comparative Physiology," and "Human Physiol-

ogy," the latter

of which first ap-

peared during

this year. But

about this time

he began to be

known as an

original investi-

gator, in connec-

tion with his re-

searches into the

microscopic

structure of the

shells of *Echino-*

dermata, *Mol-*

lusca, *Crustacea*,

etc. He was

elected a Fellow

of the Royal So-

ciety in 1844,

and in the fol-

lowing year he

obtained a lec-

tureship at the

London Hospi-

tal. A lecture-

ship in geology

was bestowed on

him, by the trust-

ees of the Brit-

ish Museum, in

1847, and in the

same year he be-

came one of the

examiners of the

London Univer-

sity. He also

succeeded Dr.

Forbes as editor

of the *British*

and *Foreign Med-*

ical Review, to

which he had

been a constant

contributor for

years, and which

was now amal-

gamated with

the *Medico-Chi-*

urgical Review,

under the title *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Be-

sides editorial supervision, he continued to contribute articles to this

periodical, on a wide range of subjects. In 1849 he was appointed

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at University College, a post

which he held for ten years.

Some six or eight years had already elapsed from the time when

Mr. Grove first promulgated his views on the now well-known doctrine

of the "Correlation of Physical Forces." As indicated by the title

of his treatise, Mr. Grove did not attempt to show the equivalence

of the so-called "vital force" with the physical forces; but confined

himself to proving the mutual convertibility of the physical forces—

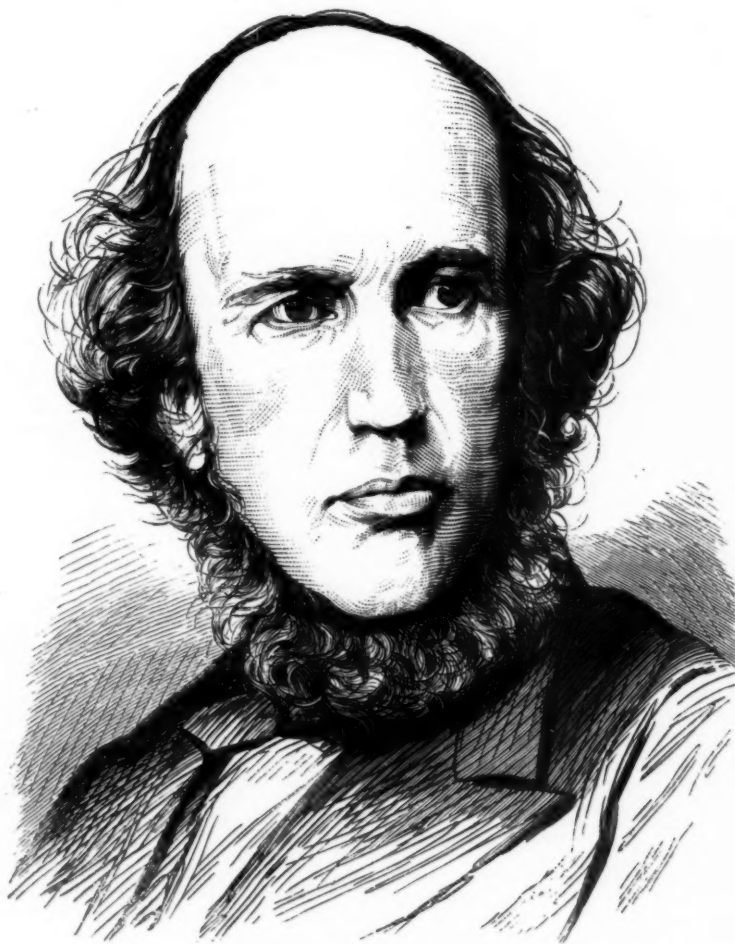
motion, heat, electricity, light, magnetism, etc. In a memoir commu-

nicated to the Royal Society in 1850, Dr. Carpenter carried the argu-

ment further; he attempted to bring the "vital force" also within the generalization, proving that it has its origin in solar light and heat, and not, as is commonly believed, in a power inherent in the germ.

The reader will form an idea of the success of Dr. Carpenter's two principal works from the fact that, as early as in 1851, a third edition of the "Comparative Physiology," and a fourth of the "Human Physiology," were called for. Very high authorities have expressed their appreciation of these works, and the debt which recent physiology owes to them. Among these authorities may be mentioned Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, in his Presidential Address at the

Annual Meeting of the Royal Society in 1861, said that Dr. Carpenter's works "have served, more perhaps than any others of their time, to spread the knowledge of those sciences, and promote their study among a large class of readers;" and that, "while they admirably fulfil their purpose as systematic expositions of the current state of knowledge on the subjects which they comprehend, they afford evidence throughout of much depth and extent of original thought on some of the great questions of physiology." The field where, perhaps, Dr. Carpenter has been most successful, is that border-land between the physical and the psychical, between matter and mind—the nervous system and its functions. He has also given us his



WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER.

thoughts on another topic of present interest, in an article on the "Varieties of the Human Race;" where he argues strongly on physiological and psychological grounds for the specific unity of mankind.

In 1852 Dr. Carpenter relinquished the editorship of the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, on being appointed principal of University Hall—an institution for the reception of students at University College, similar to the halls at Oxford and Cambridge. By this change he was enabled to devote more time to scientific pursuits.

Of these pursuits a very important one was the study of the Australian and Philippine *Foraminifera*; the results of which were given in memoirs to the Royal Society, between 1856 and 1860. In these papers, says Sir B. Brodie in the address already referred to, Dr. Car-

penter "described some remarkable types which were previously quite unknown; he gave a detailed account of the very complex organization existing alike in the foregoing and in types previously well known by external configuration; he demonstrated the entire fallacy of the artificial system of classification hitherto in vogue, the primary divisions of which are based on the plan of growth; he laid the foundation of a natural system, based on those characters in the internal structure and conformation of the shell, which are most closely related to the physiological conditions of the animal; and, finally, by the comparison of very large numbers of individuals, he proved the existence of an extremely wide range of variation among the leading types of *Foraminifera*, often reassembling under a single species varying forms, which, for want of a sufficiently careful study, had not merely been separated into distinct species, but had been arranged under different genera, families, and even orders."

Another important series of subjects that engaged Dr. Carpenter's attention about this time, was the phenomena of mesmerism, hypnotism, electro-biology, etc. The result of his investigations will be found in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1853. In this paper he endeavors to explain the phenomena by the automatic action of the mind under the influence of suggestion, the will being in abeyance. The same explanation he considers applicable to all the phenomena of spiritualism, with the exception of those which are referable either to trickery or self-deception.

A detailed account of Dr. Carpenter's contributions to the general body of scientific knowledge would be out of place here. Let it suffice to say that he continued to prosecute with success his researches into the microscopic structures of organisms. In 1856 he published "The Microscope and its Revelations." New editions of his two great works on physiology being again urgently demanded, there was entailed upon him immense labor in reorganizing them and bringing them up to the highest level of that rapidly-advancing science. So great, indeed, has been the toil required to keep the successive editions of the "Human Physiology" (which is at present in its eighth edition) abreast of the times, that the author has of late years been compelled to hand over to others this important duty, while he himself has devoted all his spare time and energy to original investigation in certain departments of zoology.

In this self-imposed task it would still have been impossible for Dr. Carpenter to accomplish any thing very noteworthy, had he continued to be distracted by the multifarious engagements which occupied so much of his time during the first ten or twelve years of his stay in London. But, fortunately for him and for science, he was appointed in 1856 registrar of the University of London. Though the duties of this office have considerably increased since he entered upon them, they still leave him many intervals of leisure for his favorite pursuits, while the salary attached to it is such as enables him to forego other engagements.

The Royal Medal awarded to Dr. Carpenter in 1861 by the Council of the Royal Society, was a well-earned recognition of the important services he has rendered to the cause of truth. And he continues to lay us under additional obligations. For to him, as to other devoted students of Nature, the conquest of one field is but the prelude to yet further conquests. Just now he is occupied with a subject of special interest; to wit, the investigations connected with the deep-sea dredging expeditions, carried on during the two previous autumns in one of her Britannic Majesty's ships, and conducted by him, Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, and Professor Wyville Thompson. Though no final conclusions can as yet be arrived at, it seems to be clearly indicated that there is a vast sheet of the lowest type of animal life, which probably extends over the whole of the warmer regions of the sea. And there can be little doubt that, conducted by such experienced naturalists, these expeditions will result in correcting and enlarging our present knowledge regarding the distribution of life on the globe.

DAVID DUNCAN.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

IN the summer of 1857, my vessel, the *Auckland*, a bark of about four hundred tons register, was engaged in trading-voyages on the coast of China. Having procured a cargo of bituminous coal at Tamsin, a port on the northwestern coast of the island of Formosa, we shaped our course for Shanghai, expecting the run to be made in

from six to eight days, as the distance in a direct line was only about six hundred miles.

As this coal contained an unusually large proportion of sulphur, which rendered it very easy of ignition, open lights were at all times forbidden in the hold, and every care was taken in battening down the hatches so that no water could penetrate them. For the first three days we had very stormy weather with a heavy sea, and, as the vessel was very deep, her decks were swept frequently by the waves, besides being flooded all the time, and it was not until the fifth day out that we were able to lay our direct course with a light, fair wind from the southward.

During the sixth night a strong smell of burning brimstone was noticed, but the most rigid search failed to discover any cause for it. On the following morning the odor was so intense in the cabin that we were all affected with dizziness, while the men in the fore-cabin complained that they could neither eat nor sleep there. This led me to conclude that the cause of our uneasiness lay in the hold, either from the escape of gases or from fire, but probably the former, because no smoke was visible; but in either case it was not safe to remove the hatches. Fortunately our provisions were convenient, and, after a sufficient quantity had been brought on deck to last us into port, I had both cabin and fore-cabin closed as tightly as possible, in order to exclude the air, covering all cracks and crevices with strips of canvas, and securing them again with battens. This state of things continued eight days, smoke issuing occasionally from crevices about the upper works, but these were stopped as soon as discovered, and we made all possible speed, not knowing at what minute the volcano under our feet might explode.

Finally, after a fifteen-days' passage, we arrived at Shanghai, and soon had man-of-war boats (among others from the United States steamship *San Jacinto*) with fire-engines alongside. Holes were cut in the deck, and streams of water poured down, but we did not know exactly where to apply them, and, as the decks were becoming uncomfortably hot, we slipped the cables, towed her into shoal water, and scuttled her. This of course extinguished the fire, and at low tide she was pumped out again and floated off. When the cargo was discharged, we found, abreast of the after-hatch, where the fire had been, it having burned down from the surface of the cargo to the planking of the vessel, and so charred that through to the copper sheathing, that with a common knife pieces of wood could be taken out, leaving the copper bare.

Immediately over this place, in the deck, there was a large ring-bolt, so loose that the water could drip through on to the coal, and it probably had done so constantly during the three days that our decks were submerged. This was supposed by the *savants* at Shanghai to have caused the combustion. I know not if this be so, but the facts are stated exactly as they occurred.

H. W. DODGE.

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, *Damfréville*;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
'Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still;
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and
scored;
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way—
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
 Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"

Ended Damfreville his speech.

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore; then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard:

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these

—A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

Twist the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a
 way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this Formidable clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And, if one ship misbehave,

Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief!

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a bound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock!

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past;

All are harbored to the last,

And, just as Hervé Riel hollas, "Anchor!" sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance,

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is paradise for hell!

Let France, let France's king

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word—

"Hervé Riel!"—

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes—

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard—

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the king his ships;

You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have—or my name's not Damfreville!"

Then a beam of fun outbroke

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point—what is it but a run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the
 bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank;

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

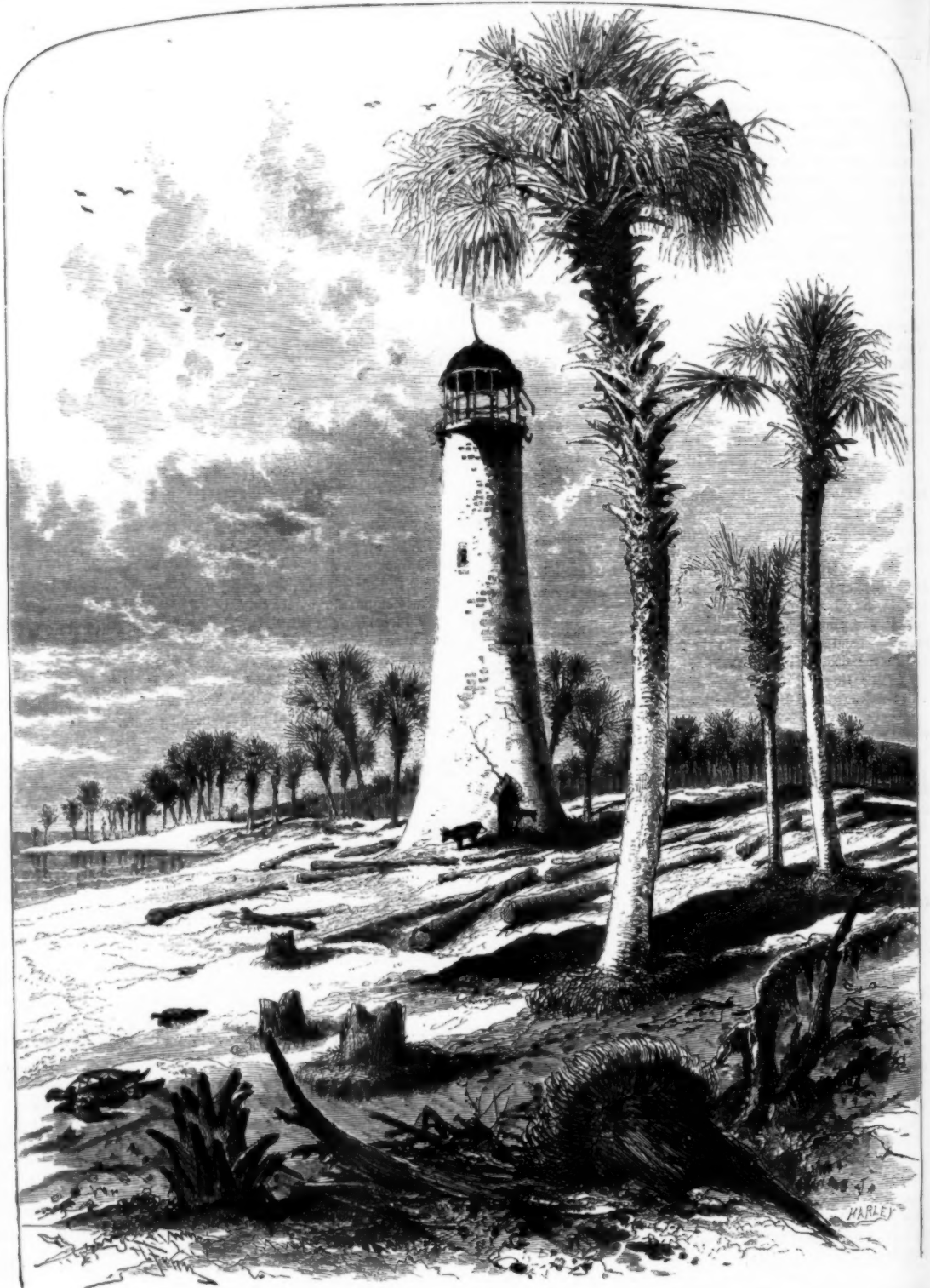
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

SCENES IN FLORIDA.

OUR illustrations of "Picturesque America" in this number of the JOURNAL, from the graphic pencil of Mr. Fenn, tell their own story so well that little need be said about them.

"The light-house at St. John's Bar" is at the entrance of the great river of Florida, the stately and romantic St. John's, the River of May of the early Huguenot settlers. The region near the mouth is famous for battles and massacres, perpetrated by Spaniards and Frenchmen in the early history of the State of Florida. St. John's Bar is a formidable one, which has caused many shipwrecks, and can only be passed by an experienced pilot, and by vessels drawing not more than eight feet of water. The light-house is surrounded by sandy wastes, with here and there a picturesque palmetto, and some of the



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.-LIGHT-HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S BAR, FLORIDA.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.-FLORIDA PINE-BARRENS.

strange cactus-like shrubbery of the Florida sea-shore. The aspect of the place is melancholy and desolate, and the breakers rolling perpetually on the snow-white sands of the shore, and on the higher portions of the bar, are well calculated to try the nerves of the novice whose vessel has to pass through them to gain the entrance to the river.

The "Pine Barrens" represent a section of country, very extensive in our Southern States, spreading from North Carolina to the extreme end of Florida. To a Northern eye they look barren indeed, and yet they bear heavy timber of the Southern pine species, and when cultivated yield good crops of vegetables and fruits. They have the great merit of healthfulness, and are generally free from the malaria which is the pest of the Southern seaboard. The pines are generally tall and shapely trees, growing wide enough apart to permit a horseman to ride freely among them. Now and then, however, as in the present picture, they assume singularly weird and fantastic shapes. In Florida they abound in game, and are still the resort of the bear, the deer, and the wild-turkey.

CHESTER.

CHESTER is one of the most interesting cities in all England, even to Englishmen, being the only walled city in the kingdom. The walls date back to the year 61, or thereabouts, when the place was occupied by the twentieth Roman legion as its headquarters. They still rest upon the foundations then laid by the Romans, whose work, in some spots, even now, makes a substantial part of the structure; while the four principal streets of the city are supposed to run just where the old Romans laid them out, nearly two thousand years ago, meeting in the centre of the city, where then stood the Roman *Prætorium*. Almost every excavation that is made bears witness to the occupation of the old conquerors; altars, statues, coins, tiles, pottery, baths, and other curious relics, coming constantly to the surface, as the advance of modern improvements disturbs the soil of the city.

Rearred thus long ago, these ancient walls, extended in the year 75 by Marius, King of the Britons, rebuilt in 907 by the daughter of Alfred the Great, have stood many sieges, and looked down on many stirring scenes. Henry of Lancaster mustered his forces here in 1399, holding Richard II. as his prisoner in the castle. Loyal to Charles I., Chester was besieged in 1645 by the Parliamentary troops, and from the Phoenix Tower that still stands on the wall, the unhappy king witnessed the defeat of his troops; while, not far distant, still stands the house in which he lodged during his stay in the city.

Although the king's army was routed at the battle of Rowton Heath, the city of Chester held out for a long time, closely besieged by the Parliamentary forces. The sufferings of the inhabitants were very great, they being at last "constrained to feed on cats, dogs, horses, or whatever else, however loathsome, seemed likely to supply a little nutriment." The local historian of Chester, Randal Holme, has left us a queer account of matters at this time. Speaking of the mischief caused by the explosion of some grenades, December 10th, he says: "Two houses in the Watergate Street skip joint from joint, and create an earthquake; the main posts jostle each other, while the frightened casements fly for fear; in a word, the whole fabric is a perfect chaos, lively set forth in this metamorphosis; the grandmother, mother, and three children, are struck stark dead, and buried in the ruins of this humble edifice. . . . About midnight they shoot seven more; one of these lights in an old man's bedchamber, almost dead with age, and sends him some days sooner to the grave than perhaps was given him; the next day six more break in upon us; one of which persuades an old woman to bear the old man company to heaven, because the times were evil." At last, exhausted by hunger, after a brave defence of twenty weeks, Chester was surrendered, on most honorable terms, to the Parliamentary forces, on February 3, 1645-46. Many of the buildings were badly damaged during the siege, and the churches were shamefully desecrated, after the occupation, by the victorious army. Fonts were destroyed, tombs were violated, and the High Cross, where the four old Roman streets met, was demolished. The only old tombs spared in the churches are two still standing in St. Mary's Church; one, of Thomas Gamull, who lies with his wife at his side, in marble effigy on the top of the tomb, a statue of his son, praying at their feet, with smaller figures of their three daughters, bearing skulls in their hands, sculptured on the side of the tomb. The other

tomb is of Philip Oldfield, whose quaint effigy also surmounts the tomb.

The walls are now carefully preserved, and, on the top, furnish a delightful walk around the old city. Overlooking, on one side, the river Dee, at the place where King Edgar was rowed in a barge by eight tributary kings, and where you get a lovely prospect of the green banks of this beautiful river, crowned by the stately tower of the ancient Church of St. John, the walls, of two miles in extent, are, for the most part, closely hemmed in by houses on either side, for the modern city is more than twice the size of the older town originally enclosed within them. The ancient gateways have long ago decayed, and were, in the last century, replaced by others.

Within the walls the visitor is struck first by the peculiar architecture of the buildings, which are generally of massive timber-frames, with fronts most curiously carved, in the more ancient houses, some of which still exist, carefully preserved and restored, while the modern edifices imitate these ancient models, thus giving to the streets a most unique and picturesque appearance. The house of Bishop Lloyd, and that called the "God's Providence House," from the singular inscription on its front (commemorating the escape of the inmates from a visitation of the plague), "God's Providence is mine Inheritance," and an old palace of the Derby family, are the most noticeable and the best preserved of these buildings. The Lloyd House is most elaborately carved over the whole front; the wood, having become black with age and being now carefully preserved, presents a very beautiful appearance, utterly unlike any thing ever seen in America. It is quite impossible to describe the effect of these quaint old buildings in words; only the photographer and the engraver can convey an adequate idea of their peculiarities, although any one familiar with the streets of Boston will be at once reminded, in the general outline of many of them, of the old house which stood, only a few years ago, in Dock Square, near Faneuil Hall.

The "Rows" are entirely peculiar to the street architecture of Chester, and these, again, it is difficult to describe except pictorially. In all the principal streets you find what one might call a two-storied sidewalk, for, above the first story of the shops on the lower sidewalk, you come upon another sidewalk, piazza-like, on the inner side of which is another row of shops, whose customers walk above the heads of the purchasers in those below. The upper shops are much sought for, and compare well in the excellence and variety of their contents with those of the most favored cities. Here, entirely sheltered from sun, wind, and rain, one may walk through the principal streets of Chester, as it were, without going out of doors save, if need be, to cross the street. Flights of steps, at intervals, lead down to the sidewalk proper, which is narrower and by no means so attractive as the "Rows." These are well paved, and by night, well lighted. These curious galleries are supposed to be a relic of the architecture of the Romans, and to correspond with their *vestibules*, where clients awaited the coming of their patrons; while below, where the lower shops now are, were stored the various articles necessary for the house. Indeed, Tacitus speaks of the proneness of the Britons to adopt Roman customs (unlike the Britons of our day, who are slow to take to foreign ways), and of their fondness for the "porticus et balnea;" and the rows and the remains of Roman baths, of which several have been unearthed here, attest the faithfulness of the descriptions of the historian.

The massive tower of St. John's Church, which stands close by the bank of the Dee, is the most striking object as you look at the city on the south side. This is an ancient church, indeed, for its foundation dates back to the year 689, and some of the priory ruins in the rear of the church may be of that remote period. The church, as it now stands, was repaired and restored in 1881, and its round Norman arches, and the massive columns supporting them, will reward the attentive observation of the visitor.

The grandest and most satisfying building of the ancient city is the cathedral, which likewise dates its foundation far back in the ages, for the tradition runs that, during the Roman occupation, a temple of Apollo stood upon the spot where subsequently a monastery was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, to which, in 875, the relics of St. Werburgh were removed, and a convent established dedicated to her. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., St. Werburgh's was converted into the Cathedral Church, which it has ever since remained, St. John's having, till that time, been the Cathedral of the Diocese.

This massive though not lofty edifice of the cathedral is blackened and worn by the storms of centuries, the soft sandstone of which it was built being ill fitted to resist the rains and winds that have beat upon it during these years, so that it is difficult to imagine a more venerable appearance in any building, not absolutely a ruin, than is presented by this. The stone crumbles into dust as you touch it with your finger's end, and the edges of every stone are worn and rounded by time and storm, so that it looks as rough and irregular almost as some of our New-England stone walls. The edifice threatened to become a ruin, indeed, a few years ago, and would have become one but for the timely restorations that have been commenced, and are now rapidly prosecuted, under the energetic supervision of the present dean, the Rev. J. S. Howson, whose works are so well known to biblical students both in England and America. An enthusiast in this pious work, the dean is pushing it as rapidly as the funds furnished him will permit, restoring not only the substantial groundwork upon which the permanence of the whole edifice depends, but reviving the original beauty and splendor of ornamentation, so essential to the due effect of Gothic architecture. The strong foundations have been secured, and now, within a few weeks, the noble tower has been completed, standing more beautiful even than when the building was new, in plan and detail such as it was intended by the old builders who first reared it. The best taste and the soundest judgment seem to guide those who are concerned in this restoration, of which very much has been already completed. The contrast between the portions of the building thus restored, and the ancient walls that remain, make the Cathedral of Chester, in its present state, a most interesting object of study to the architect and the antiquarian. A very general interest is felt in this work throughout England, and large subscriptions have been made to carry it on with considerable rapidity. It is to be hoped that the money will not cease to flow in, for the dean will not incur a farthing of debt to effect his object, and it is pleasant to remember that such enthusiastic zeal as his rarely fails to attain the end it has in view.

The choral service of the English Church is celebrated daily in the choir, and it is difficult to express the feelings with which one listens to this beautiful service, remembering that for centuries these white-robed priests and choristers have thus every day, morning and night, made these lofty arches resound with the chanted praises of the Almighty; that, though the cloud of fragrant incense ceased to curl up from the Romish altar, yet never for a day have these arches failed to echo with the deep tones of the organ and the intoned prayers and chanted psalms and the glorious anthems of the Church of the land. One cannot look upon the procession of the celebrants, or listen to the solemn service, without profound emotion.

In the beautiful Lady Chapel, restored to its pristine splendor in the interior, George Marsh was doomed to martyrdom by the then Bishop of Chester, and, just without the north gate, he was burned at the stake. In Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" will be found the details of his trial and of his terrible death. "The people said he was a martyr, and died marvellously patient." One can scarcely realize that, in this beautiful chapel, he stands where this poor martyr heard his sentence, which the bishop "read unto the end, and afterward said unto him, 'Nor I will no more pray for thee than I will for a dog.'" Times have changed, indeed, and bishops too, in this good old town of Chester, since the year 1555, when these things were done there.

In strange contrast to these venerable remains of the olden time, and to the generally quaint and antiquated appearance of this old town, are the modern buildings for the uses of the county of Chester, for courts, jail, and other purposes, which have been added to the ancient buildings of the castle, which, of course, has a Caesar's Tower. You find one everywhere. These buildings are quite elegant, with classic colonnades and gateways, and, in the fine esplanade enclosed by them, the garrison goes through its daily military drill.

The new Town Hall, opened within the past year by the Prince of Wales, is a remarkably beautiful edifice, of Gothic architecture, the central tower of which is the most conspicuous object in a distant view of the city.

The fine bridges which cross the beautiful river Dee should not be forgotten in our sketch of Chester. The Grosvenor Bridge has a single massive stone arch with a span of two hundred feet, being of greater dimensions than any other in the world. It is a singularly beautiful feature in the view that meets the eye of the spectator from the castle. This was built in 1832 by the late Marquis of Westminster,

whose benefactions to the city seem almost without number, and of princely munificence. Scarcely less noticeable, however, is the ancient seven-arched bridge, not far distant, and higher up the stream, built in the year 1280, on one end of which, from time immemorial, have stood the "Dee Mills," and to-day, as for nine hundred years back, the grain comes hither to be ground into flour for the city and its vicinity.

Eaton Hall, the magnificent residence of the Marquis of Westminster, lies in the centre of a noble park about three miles from the city. This splendid residence, said to be one of the finest specimens of modern pointed Gothic in the kingdom, was built in 1803. Magnificent as it is, having been for years an object of curiosity to visitors from every part of England, it does not suit the princely ideas of the present marquis, and he is now rebuilding the greater part of the edifice, and entirely remodelling the style of its architecture. Years will be occupied in this undertaking, so that Eaton Hall is closed to visitors for a long time to come.

Few places in England are so attractive and interesting to the American visitor as Chester, especially from the contrast which it presents in every respect to the bright glitter of our own new cities, and in its quiet and primeval repose to the whirl and bustle that characterize the cities of the New World. Within a half-hour's ride from Liverpool, where so many American travellers arrive, it is often among the first places that they visit. No intelligent traveller can fail to derive much pleasure and instruction from examining its antiquities, or can recall the days spent there without the greatest satisfaction.

HENRY WARE.

FRESH FISH.

NEW YORK has at least one market which is worthy of the greatness of the city. The new building of the Fishmongers' Association is thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which it was built. All New-Yorkers will remember the wretched old sheds in which the wholesale fresh-fish business of the city was until recently conducted. It was, if possible, a more dilapidated affair than Fulton or Washington Market.

This building rests upon piles, and is immediately north of the Fulton Ferry House. It is one hundred and ninety-three feet long by sixty wide, and thirty feet to the eaves; is all paid for, and all owned by those who do business beneath its roof. The market hours in winter are from 6 A. M. to 2 P. M.; in summer from 3 A. M. to 4 P. M. The building has many doors opening upon South Street on the west, and many opening upon the river on the east. By each river-side door is an iron ladder, reaching down to the water, and a block and tackle for hoisting fish singly or in boxes and baskets. A raft, called a "float," lies close to the piles on which the market is built; and outside of this float are, all the year round, eighty singular boxes for holding fish. These are called "cars," are twelve by eight, by two and a half feet deep, made of pine, and always floating—like some deep iron-clads—"level with the water." These eighty cars are used by fourteen firms—some having occasion, in busy times, in hot weather, for six or eight cars. In these boxes, which are open enough for the free passage of the water in and out, the fish can be kept alive for any desired length of time.

The question here naturally suggests itself, How are the fish brought alive from a distance? The answer is, in the "fish-wells" of vessels. Very few—including nautical people—know what is meant by a fish-well in a vessel. Most people suppose this is a simple tank, and would be horror-struck at the thought of sailing in any craft containing one, if they knew that these wells were literally what their name indicates—tanks firmly fastened in the vessels, with open lattice-work bottoms, for the free ingress and egress of sea water. These receptacles do not, however, endanger the fishing-smacks, as, their sides being as high as those of the boats, the water will never rise in them higher than it does on the outside of the boats. Those who know the use and nature of "centre-board trunks" in yachts, will understand this.

Outside of the "fish-cars" the sea-schooners and smacks are usually lying. At the time when the notes for this article were taken, the only fish-vessels in the dock were schooners, laden with "frozen herring" from the Banks of Newfoundland and the region round about. Here, is an immense branch of business, of which very few read-

ers have heard. About December 1st, many vessels assemble on those grounds. The fishermen, gathering in the herring by the shoal with seines, spread them on deck each night to freeze, or leave them there day and night until frozen, and then shovel them into the hold in bulk. In case they fear a thaw before reaching port, ice is mixed with the mass of frosty "train food." The unloading of these vessels is a curious spectacle. As you approach the one nearest the "string-piece" of the wharf, you will see, perhaps, half a dozen wretched-looking old women clustered around a tin weighing-scale pan, holding about a bushel. You observe them each receiving, in a coarse bag, "half a hundred," or so, of the rigid little fish. Inquiring if these women keep boarding-houses, you are informed that they are buying them to sell again. Passing over an empty vessel that is just taking in a return-load of flour for the "Provinces," and gazing down into the hold of the next schooner, you see that it looks very clean, nice, and icy; that one side is empty, and the other is piled up to the deck with the fish, none of which are much over a foot in length. A large iron scoop lies ready to shovel them up. To those who have never seen fresh herring, and have no knowledge of the dried sort, except that they have seen them in boxes at cheap groceries, the question will arise, What becomes of all these frozen herring? Soon after visiting these vessels, the writer had the following conversation with a skilful housewife on the subject. He asked, "Do you ever see any of these fresh herring?"

"Certainly. The hucksters bring them around continually."

"Do you buy them?"

"No; they are fair eating, but more than half bones. Friends of mine up the Hudson used to buy them fresh out of the river there, and were very fond of them; but, for people whose time is valuable, they cost more than they come to. The pile of backbones left after a dinner of such fish is wonderful to behold."

"So that is why we never eat fresh herring. But are they not sold very cheap?"

"Yes; they are not weighed, but sold quite cheap by the dozen."

But this is a digression from the description of the building. The first floor—except a strip about fifteen feet wide on the east side, which is occupied by the offices—is one great hall, in which all the fish that come to the city are continually represented by specimens lying in boxes and in permanent troughs. Each of the principal dealers has his office on the east side, with a larger private one overhead in the second story. All the space across the hall that corresponds to the width of his office is used by the dealer as a specimen and sales-room, the rows of iron pillars that support the second story serving as division-lines. A main gangway runs north and south, parallel with South Street, and along that side. A perpendicular iron ladder reaches from the floor at each compartment to a trap-door in the floor above, which is divided on the west side into storage-rooms for empty boxes and barrels. A light block and tackle serve to hoist these empty vessels to the store-rooms. Each sales-department has four weighing-machines: two in the rear, which are powerful scales, with weighing-pans attached, hung by chains from the ceiling; and two in front, one of which is like those in the rear, and the other (capable of weighing three hundred and sixty pounds) is hung by a block and tackle from the ceiling, so that the great six and eight feet halibut, etc., can be hoisted off the ground before weighing.

During all but four winter months, the stock of fish is received through the east side-doors, directly from the water, or from the schooners and smacks that bring it from all along-shore—Halifax and Norfolk being the extreme points of the sources of supply. Nearly all lines of steamers, and all railroads leading into the city, bring fish to this market in winter.

Very lively is the scene when this great mart is in full operation. In that fish-hall are to be found representatives of nearly all the families that inhabit "the water under the earth" in these latitudes. Here, in their season, are to be found side by side, at various times, the following varieties. Some, of course, are rarely seen in the market, and are mentioned as curiosities: The fall-herring, thimble-eyed mackerel, porgy, and scallop, from Rhode Island; the barracuda, blepharis, caranx, red drum, sea-eel, red groper, harvest-fish, lampugus, mullet, prawn, seabastes, and green turtle, from the far South; the calico-bass, black-eared pond-fish, black-headed dace, carp, horned fish, carvina, cusk, lake moon-eye, jack-pickereel, large-scaled sucker, Western mud-fish, and white-tailed remora, from the great lakes; the bayonet, coal-fish, cockle, fiddler-crab, black drum, banded gar, needle-fish, and

ribbon-fish, from Long Island; the sea-perch, triple-tail black, silver-eel, Fundy and long-toothed flounder, frost-fish, sea-robin, laury, jelly-fish, sea-salmon, and toad-fish, from the Eastern States; the conge-eel, conch, bristly-hair-finned and monkey-faced dory, eel-pout, banded ephippus, Lafayette-fish, periwinkle, pilot, pompino, ray, red-mouth, sea-rover, sheep's-head, smooth skate, sole, and sea-wolf, from Jersey shore; the frog, goldfish, yellow perch, shrimp, sunfish, and terrapin, from the New-York rivers; the lobster, black shad, stickleback, and smelt, from Maine; the common herring and turbot, from Newfoundland; the haddock, hake, ling, fall-mackerel, pollack, and sword-fish, from Massachusetts; the halibut, from George's Banks and Nova Scotia; the lamprey-eel and common sucker, from Connecticut River; the striped bass, blue-fish, bonito, bram, bream, scalpin, butter-fish, dog-fish, dolphin, killifish, oyster, shad, shark, and wrinkle, from "all along-shore."

Many interesting and curious facts are obtainable in the library of the Fish Market, as every book of practical value concerning that commodity is to be found there. For instance, the origin of the New-York fishing-smacks is found to date back one hundred years. The *Gazette* of July 25, 1763, says: "Saturday last we launched the Amherst, fishing-smack, fully-rigged and fit for sea. There was a great concourse of people to see her off. She sails for the Banks this day."

The Legislature, to encourage the "fishery" on our coast, passed an act in 1773, and introduced it to the public:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, NEW YORK, April 6, 1773.

Whereas, The Legislature of the Province of New York have, by an act passed the 8th of March last, directed that the overplus of the duty of excise, collected in the said city and county, be annually paid for the first year next after the passing of the said act, to the treasurer of the corporation of the Chamber of Commerce, to be, by the said corporation, disposed of in such manner as they shall think most proper, for encouraging a fishery on the sea-coast, for the better supplying the markets in the city of New-York—

In order, therefore, that the intention of the Legislature may be fully answered, and the inhabitants of this city receive the benefit of so laudable a donation, it is resolved and agreed that the following premiums, hereafter mentioned, be paid by the treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce to such persons who, upon application and due proof, made to the satisfaction of the Chamber, shall be entitled to the same, viz:

To the owners and crew of any one boat or vessel, who shall supply this market with the greatest quantity of fish taken on the coast with trawl-nets (ray and skate excepted), from the 1st of May, 1773, to the 1st of May, 1774, the sum of.....	\$40
To the same—with the same exceptions—the next greater quantity.....	\$20
To the same—greatest quantity of live codfish, from November 1, 1773, to May 1, 1774.....	\$20
To the same—and the same time—next greatest quantity of live codfish.....	\$20
The greatest quantity of live sheep's-head, from May 1, 1773, to May 1, 1774.....	\$20
The next greatest quantity of live sheep's-head.....	\$15
The greatest quantity of live mackerel.....	\$10

In 1783, Gaince's *Mercury* of May 26th said: "One day last week our market afforded no less than twenty-three different sorts of fresh fish." Twenty years after, fifty-six kinds of fish could be found in this market, and seventy in Philadelphia. It is only a few years since a regular business has been established, by which the many excellent varieties of the West have been brought East. It was thought that the Erie Canal would do much in this way, but it did not.

The estimates of amounts of fish brought to this market, that will be given presently, and which were carefully prepared by a Fish-mongers' committee for publication, will show some of the results of the wise legislation of our ancestors.

The following account of an interview with that committee contains a good deal of information of practical value, which could not be obtained from any other source. A series of questions was first asked concerning the kinds of fish that came from various quarters. After giving the facts about Newfoundland herring already mentioned, the interesting statement was made that from New Brunswick come most of the salmon found in this market in summer.

"What are the principal fish brought from Canada waters, including the great lakes?"

"Pike, pickerel and black bass. We have many miscoses from Lake Ontario, and lake herring from Lakes Erie and Michigan."

"What come largely from Maine?"

"Nearly all smelt, bass, frost-fish or tomcods, and salmon."

"From Massachusetts?"

"It should be remembered that fish are often caught hundreds of miles from the point whence they are shipped to New York. For instance, halibut, which are caught at Nova Scotia and George's Banks, are shipped to us from Boston and Gloucester."

"Yes, I have seen the word 'Gloucester' on the sterns of many smacks that lay in front of the fish-market, as I crossed the Fulton ferry."

"Cod, wherever caught, are landed mostly on Lynn Beach. Haddock are caught all along Massachusetts and western Maine shores; but mostly from twenty to sixty miles from Boston."

"What comes from Newport?"

"No great variety from there. Some cod, and haddock, and flounders; but mostly blue-bass."

"What from New York harbor?"

"Scarcely anything but weak-fish."

"How about Jersey and Delaware shore?"

"Vessels fish along these clear down to Cape Henlopen. They bring in sea-bass, porgies, and blue-fish."

"Do you get any thing from Philadelphia?"

"Some bass and perch are caught in Indian River, and reshipped to us from Philadelphia."

"From Baltimore?"

"Bass, perch, and pickerel; and of course shad in spring."

"Do you receive any considerable quantity from far-Southern waters?"

"Bass and pickerel from the Chesapeake. Had shad from Savannah and Charleston in the middle of January, but no great quantity. The first hundred-barrel lot came from Roanoke Island, North Carolina."

"Do you receive many sea-fish by railroad express?"

"Baltimore fish come altogether by rail and express."

"Are your sales largest in winter or in summer?"

"There is more fish sold here in the four months, March, April, May, and June, than in the other eight."

"What kinds do you ship? Where do you ship, and when and where?"

"All the principal kinds are shipped to all parts of the country according to demand. We sell to all points, from New Orleans to Canada—from New York to St. Paul. We ship most in winter and spring."

"What are your average losses in the different seasons?"

"We ship entirely at the risk of the owners. Their loss in summer is about two per cent.; in winter, almost nothing."

"Is there much variation in price?"

"Sometimes prices fluctuate violently for a few days. Heavy arrivals in summer will throw prices down: for instance, when a fleet of vessels come in that have been gathered outside by adverse winds. This makes some kinds very plenty for a few days, and the surplus has to go to the pedlars. We should be ruined without those fellows. But we must put the fish so that they can make something. One day we sell to the trade at a shilling a pound, and the next at four cents; and perhaps, before we shut up, we shall shovel the fish into the river. Blue-fish, cod, and porgies, are one day five dollars a hundred, and the next two dollars and fifty cents a barrel. The pedlars are our safety-valve. They are always running round to see who is worst 'stuck.' They take out fish and fruit as each is most depressed."

"What is the natural home of the bunkers, or menhaden, that we hear so much about?"

"From Florida to Maine."

"Are they good to eat?"

"Yes, quite good; but too plenty to be valued highly. They are caught in large quantities in nets laid for other fish at Hell Gate, and every Thursday a boat brings them to town, and they are sold to the very poor people."

"Now, finally, as to the quantities of various fish sold in this market; and, first, the frozen herring?"

"Between January 1st and May 1st about two million eight hundred thousand pounds are received, and about one hundred thousand pounds of 'green' herring through the summer from the Connecticut River; of halibut, one million pounds; of smelt, three hundred thousand pounds; of codfish, two million two hundred thousand pounds; of haddock, five million pounds; of shad and mackerel, two hundred thousand dollars' worth, at an average of twenty cents. The best

shad come from the Connecticut River. Of white-fish, probably three hundred thousand pounds."

It may be said, in conclusion, that this great fish-market, when in full operation, is one of the curiosities of the city. The wonderful variety of fish, their singular contrasts, the great bulk of some, the rush of active operators, buying, selling, packing and unpacking, weighing, sorting, cutting, and delivering, present a scene of great interest. The way in which a skilful dealer manipulates a monster halibut is curious enough. With one slash of a great butcher-knife he cuts off the tail. Then dashing an exaggerated "cotton-hook" into the head, he removes that comparatively-valueless portion with two more blows. Fastening the hook again in the neck, he slits the throat longitudinally, and, with another jerk of his knife, brings out a great lump of ice that has been deposited there when the animal was caught off George's Banks. It is then ready for delivery to the retailer. This is but one specimen of the interesting performances that can be witnessed in that market. Citizens and visitors from abroad will do well to add it to their list of New-York sights.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

IMMORTALITY.

I.

THE grass withereth, the flower fadeth;
But from their ripened cells,
Day after day, their life I garner,
As the soft south-wind knells—
Their requiem.

II.

Such little seeds, closed in gold casing,
Yet I will plant, with care,
In fallow ground their closed-up coffins,
Till grass and flower fair
Shall live again.

III.

Thus God, methinks, garners man's memories
Among His ripened store.
If globed in gold, their deeds lie hidden,
When autumn winds sing o'er—
Their requiems.

IV.

For all our memories, when they're clasped in
Life's book of golden deeds,
Seems to God's eye, who sees their harvest
Millions of ripened seeds
For paradise.

V.

And some are gray, some brown, some golden,
As they in hearts have borne
Sweet blossoms, whose immortal fragrance
Hovers round those that mourn,
Like atmospheres.

VI.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,
Ay, and I know "'tis well,"
For they shall live again when spring-time's
Sweet birdlings' songs shall tell,
Above their knell.

CHARLOTTE CORDNER.

TABLE-TALK.

CANON KINGSLEY, by which title he is known in the Church of England, but who is probably better known to Americans as Charles Kingsley, the author of "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," and other admirable works, is not only a theologian but a learned naturalist, as he has shown by one or two publications of a scientific tendency. Two or three months ago he read to an assembly of clergymen, in the hall of Sion College, a very remarkable paper on the "Natural Theology of the Future," which he has since published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, with a preface, in which he pays a high compliment to Mivart's "Genesis of Species" as a work of great learning and ability, the production of an author whose name commanded all attention and respect. Canon Kingsley then goes on to argue that theology should keep pace with science as human thought changes and human science develops: "For, if in any age or country the God who seems to be revealed by Nature seems different from the God who is revealed by the then popular religion, then that God, and the religion which tells of that God, will gradually cease to be believed in. For the demands of reason must be and ought to be satisfied. And when a popular war arises between the reason of a generation and its theology, it behooves the ministers of religion to inquire, with all humility and godly fear, on which side lies the fault; whether the theology which they expound is all that it should be, or whether the reason of those who impugn it is all that it should be." He insists that the religious temper of England for the last two or three generations has been unfavorable to a sound and scientific development of natural theology. If we need proof of this, we have only, he says, to look at the hymns—many of them very pure, pious, and beautiful—which are used at this day in churches and chapels by persons of every shade of opinion. How often is the tone in which they speak of the natural world one of dissatisfaction, distrust, almost contempt! "Disease, decay, and death around I see," is their key-note, rather than "O all ye works of the Lord, bless Him, praise Him, and magnify Him together." There lingers about them a savor of the old monastic theory that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin-haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe for man. He presses, therefore, on his clerical brethren this point: "It is time that we should make up our minds what tone Scripture *does* take toward Nature, natural science, natural theology." With regard to Darwinism and the current theories of evolution and development, Canon Kingsley has no fear that they will be found irreconcilable with Christian faith. He says the Scripture only tells us that God created, and not how He created or creates. He concludes in these words, which are surely well worthy of the closest consideration: "Let us look with calmness, and even with hope and goodwill, on these new theories; for, correct or incorrect, they surely mark a tendency toward a more, not a less, scriptural view of Nature.

Are they not attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to escape from that shallow mechanical notion of the universe and its Creator which was too much in vogue in the eighteenth century among divines as well as philosophers; the theory which Goethe (to do him justice), and after him Mr. Thomas Carlyle, have treated with such noble scorn; the theory, I mean, that God has wound up the universe like a clock, and left it to tick by itself till it runs down, never troubling Himself with it, save possibly—for even that was only half-believed—by rare miraculous interferences with the laws which He himself had made? Out of that chilling dream of a dead universe ungoverned by an absent God, the human mind, in Germany especially, tried during the early part of this century to escape by strange roads; roads by which there was no escape, because they were not laid down on the firm ground of scientific facts. Then, in despair, men turned to the facts which they had neglected, and said, 'We are weary of philosophy; we will study you, and you alone. As for God, who can find Him?' And they have worked at the facts like gallant and honest men; and their work, like all good work, has produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they even dreamed. But what are they finding, more and more, below their facts, below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show? A something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper, the deeper they delve: namely, the life which shapes and makes—that which the old-school men called 'forma formativa,' which they call vital force and what not—metaphors all, or rather counters to mark an unknown quantity, as if they should call it *z* or *y*. One says, 'It is all vibrations;' but his reason, unsatisfied, asks, 'And what makes the vibrations vibrate?' Another: 'It is all physiological units;' but his reason asks, 'What is the "physis," the nature, and "innate tendency" of the units?' A third: 'It may be all caused by infinitely numerous "gemmules;"' but his reason asks him, 'What puts infinite order into these gemmules, instead of infinite anarchy?' I mention these theories not to laugh at them. No man has a deeper respect for those who have put them forth. Nor would it interfere with my theological creed if any or all of them were proven to be true to-morrow. I mention them only to show that beneath all these theories—true or false—still lies the unknown *z*. Scientific men are becoming more and more aware of it; I had almost said, ready to worship it. More and more the noblest-minded of them are engrossed by the mystery of that unknown and truly miraculous element in Nature, which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it. How should they escape it? Was it not written of old—'Whither shall I go from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?' Ah, that we clergy would summon up courage to tell them that! Courage to tell them—what need not hamper for a moment the freedom of their investigations, what will add to them a sanction, I may say a sanctity—that the unknown *z* which lies below all phenomena, which is forever at work

on all phenomena, on the whole and on every part of the whole, down to the coloring of every leaf and the curdling of every cell of protoplasm, is none other than that which the old Hebrews called—(by a metaphor, no doubt—for how can man speak of the unseen save in metaphors drawn from the seen?)—but by the only metaphor adequate to express the perpetual and omnipresent miracle—the Breath of God; the Spirit who is the Lord and Giver of Life."

— We doubt if the disposition for pretension and show among our people, and perhaps peculiar to the age, exhibits itself more offensively than in the management of the small hotels throughout the country. These hotels are not bad because of the indifference of the proprietors, but because there is no perception of the wise limitations that should govern their administration. Because the great hotels of the big cities set elaborate dinners, every inn-keeper in the villages imagines that he, too, must lay out his courses, adjust his *entrées*, and flourish his *desserts*. When the tired traveller asks for a single dish that shall be of good quality, well cooked, cleanly, and neatly served, he is exasperated by a horrible procession of intolerable fragments, not one of which is wholesome, toothsome, or even endurable. First comes, in the dingy dining-room of these would-be-fine places, a washy soup, then a greasy bit of fish, then a cold and flavorless morsel of ill-cooked beef, flanked with a promising array of vegetables, but every dish of which is as a whitened sepulchre, all abomination within; then a cheerless fraction of a chicken, then puddings and pies, that come and go untouched, for the evil they bear is too unmistakably stamped upon them. Now, if with far less parade, the traveller could have just one dish placed before him, and that well selected and carefully prepared, how much useless labor would be saved the caterer, and how much comfort would reward the hungry sojourner! Instead of a dozen wretched failures, one success! For instance, a broiled chicken, tender, hot, delicate; or a chop, juicy, rare, fresh from the gridiron to well-warmed plate, with all the savory sweetness retained; or a tender-loin of steak, flavored with a mushroom, and brought with scrupulous expedition from the fire to your dish—but there is no need to enumerate when every one can think for himself how many delightful yet simple services of the kind might be offered to travellers if tavern-keepers did not want to be hotel-keepers and the beauty of doing a single thing well were not among the lost arts. A dinner of many courses is a thing requiring, in addition to great care and nice taste, a something called art. It is a difficult thing to do when the caterer has every advantage of resources and skill; but, attempted in the inns of fourth or fifth rate towns, becomes one of the greatest absurdities and shams of the day. These elaborate, semi-state dinners, moreover, involve and demand social elements. The intervals between the courses are for conversation. They are not designed by their very nature for the isolated traveller; even if more successfully served than we ever found them to be, they

would still be unsuitable for the greater number of the partakers. Every traveller will bear us witness that his great needs are: first, a clean bed; next, a wholesome meal. He detests the fuss and folly of would-be-fine dinners, and longs for the return of those good old days when an inn was sure to give him a bright fire on the hearth, a clean cloth for the table, and a steaming, savory, generous dish for the stimulated palate.

— Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and the centennial anniversary of his birth, therefore, is near at hand. It is proposed to celebrate it throughout the civilized world, as the centennial birthdays of Burns and of Schiller were celebrated, more or less extensively, twelve years ago. The occasion is certainly one fit to be commemorated. Scott was not only one of the greatest, but one of the purest of authors. There is no stain or blot upon his name or fame. His poems and his novels are sources of unmixt delight to millions, and contain nothing to soil or to harm the most innocent or most sensitive mind. As a poet, though he is just now underrated, or rather neglected, we are confident that the final verdict of criticism will place him among the great masters of song—with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. The fashion of the day runs after the subtler and seemingly more poetical poets—after those who affect to be profound and philosophical—and leaves the manly, vigorous, and picturesque verse of Scott, with its fiery narrative, its dramatic force, its graphic descriptions, and its multitudinous touches of natural beauty, to the hearty enjoyment of school-boys. But the time assuredly will come when the great merits of the mighty minstrel will be recognized and enjoyed by those who can fully appreciate them, and who have the sense to see that poetry can be of the highest order, even though it be not dull nor difficult to understand, and even though it present itself to us in the form of a charming story related with a rapid fluency and a careless grace which seem so easy and so natural that we are almost inclined to despise what apparently cost so little labor, though the really critical eye can see everywhere abundant evidences of the exertion of the highest genius and most consummate literary skill. The neglect into which the poems of Scott have fallen has been shared, to some extent, by his novels, which, it is said, are pronounced rather "slow" by the young ladies who have grazed their minds with the rottenness of "Ouida," and the other "fast" novelists of the day. They are deficient, doubtless, in some of the elements of interest of the sensational school, which ransacks earth and heaven for its materials, and they are also lacking in that minute and morbid analysis of character which distinguishes the psychological novels now so popular; but in the greater and broader qualities of romance, in the portraiture of types of character, in depicting gentlemen and ladies, soldiers and statesmen, villains, vagabonds, and humorists, in scenes of dramatic power and historic interest, Scott is yet without a rival, notwithstanding the vast amount of talent expended among all civilized nations, during the last half-century, in the vain effort to imitate his novels.

— A Virginia lady writes to us protesting against the declaration we quoted lately from Gail Hamilton, that women could find work enough to do if they would only seek it where it is to be found, in the kitchen, and cease trying to be teachers or government clerks, for which positions there are a hundred applicants to one vacancy. Our correspondent says: "Why should woman toil, toil forever? Nothing is said if men turn their ploughs into easy-chairs, and exchange the anvil and the forge, the pick and the axe, for the leisure and dignity of office. And yet—and yet it was to man, only, that God said: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground.' It is not human nature to love the labor of the hands; it came to mankind as a punishment for sin, and duty and necessity alone enforce its performance. As woman is very human, it is not, therefore, her nature to accept it as a path of pleasantness. Then why should there be such an outcry if she, too, seeks the easy places with good pay? God forbid that I should be thought an advocate of those noisy women who go about seeking to overturn the eternal decrees given by Divine inspiration for our guidance, one jot or one tittle of which I have no desire should be altered! But I only plead that where there is a place that detracts nothing from the pure womanliness of her who fills it, do not say her nay; do not condemn it as something dreadful that she should turn from her household idols—kettles, wash-tubs, and irons, and stretch out her toil-grimed hands for the purple and fine linen of government offices and school-teaching! That there may not be enough of these places for all the applicants, is no argument. Do men know nothing of the bitterness of such disappointment; and does anybody recommend that they all shall cease trying, because some are turned empty away?"

— The Chicago *Evening Journal* says that APPLETON'S JOURNAL "fulfils in a remarkable degree the conditions of a model popular magazine. It is issued weekly, in magazine-journal form, thus coming often enough to be depended on for constant reading, and yet in a shape for permanent use. The aim of the publication is popular; but it is in no sense low. On the contrary, it is distinctly and conscientiously high. Probably the publishers could quadruple their profits by filling the pages of their journal with sensational matter, which can be had at small cost—can be had for the stealing, in fact, and of which two or three times as much could be sold as is sold of the solid instruction and wholesome entertainment now offered by the publication. But no temptation to reduce the level of the JOURNAL has ever influenced its conductors. They wisely fixed their plans in the beginning to afford a weekly miscellany of literature, science, and art, always interesting, but never at the sacrifice of good influence—always instructive, but never dull; and we think the severest critic must confess, if he will look through the pages of a half-yearly volume, that more complete success, either in artistic illustrations, profusely bestowed, or in varied literary matter—scientific, biographical, etc.—could not be asked. A

work like this is a product of pencil, pen, and printing-press, which was never before offered in the poor man's market, as well as sent to the rich man's parlor, as this, by its low price, is. At ten cents a week, it is an instrument of civilization, an organ of popular progress, which no wealth could have commanded a hundred years ago."

— T. C. Barry, of Kossee, Texas, has sent to us, with a letter, a silver quarter of a dollar, on one side of which is the following inscription, evidently cut with a penknife:

"SERGEANT L. CROOK,
Co. G, 1st Vet. Cav. N. Y. S. V."

The coin has a hole in it, and was evidently intended to be suspended by a string to the sergeant's body or clothing. Mr. Barry, who was himself a Confederate soldier, and doubtless a brave man, as he is evidently a kind one, writes as follows: "The enclosed coin was passed into my store, a few days since, and, on noting the inscription on it, I thought some of the sergeant's family might like to have it. I believe there is some society in your State that keeps record of your veterans, and sends such little mementos to friends. YOUR JOURNAL is the only paper I ever see from the North, and I consequently forward this to you, thinking it may afford you a pleasure to make some one happy by receiving it." If any of our readers know any thing of Sergeant Crook, we hope they will communicate to us their information.

Literary Notes.

THE English journals are evidently rather shy of Mr. Darwin's last work. They approach it cautiously, and handle it gingerly, as if they did not well know what to make of it. They all, however, admit its merit as a contribution to natural history. The *Athenaeum* remarks that "it is replete with facts and arguments, and that it is a natural-history maze. Its literary merit lies in the marshalling and disposing in due order of a multitude of observations gathered from numerous inquirers, and from very numerous publications. Whoever will peruse these volumes apart from their ultimate aim, and totally disregard the author's hypotheses, will be highly pleased with them, and will readily acknowledge the patience and industry of the compiler of so many scattered facts in natural history. We have, in this spirit, already twice read many pages, and hope twice to read many more. In this spirit, too, we are not concerned about vagueness or irrelativeness; we accept the volumes as a naturalist's miscellany, and are grateful for the entertainment they have afforded us."

The *Spectator* says that "even to readers who are not naturalists, Mr. Darwin's works are full of fascination and instruction. No writer of the day arranges his facts so lucidly, with so unquestionable a sincerity, and so undisguised a candor when he has difficulties to confess. Though Mr. Darwin has shocked the deepest prejudices and prepossessions, he seems to live in a region far above the temper of controversy, and to aim at nothing but the nearest approach to scientific hypothesis that it is in his power to make. There is not a word of harsh criticism in his volumes, and, as far as a reader can judge, not a trace of disposition to disguise the objections to the views which he is disposed to take. It is hard to conceive of a

scientific style at once so dispassionate and so full of intellectual vitality. There is nothing of the dreary prolixity of a mind too full to keep its material subordinate to the question under discussion, and yet nothing of the dogmatic vehemence of one that cannot bear to doubt the truth of its own conclusions. Every chapter advances the theory of the book, and yet every chapter deepens the confidence of the reader in his author's candor and grasp."

In its second notice of the work, the *Saturday Review*, speaking of the author's theory of sexual selection, pays a similar tribute to the value of the work in relation to natural history. It says: "Through a series of chapters, ranging over the entire field of natural history, Mr. Darwin traces what he regards as the evidence of this exertion of choice or taste in the pairing or crossing of animals. The particulars of their courtship furnish an amount of reading in itself most curious and romantic, even apart from the special hypothesis it is designed to support. The loves of the animals have never before been shown so instinct with meaning and even with poetry. Throughout the most widely-distinct classes of the animal kingdom, mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and even crustaceans, obey the same general rules. The males are almost always the wooers, and they alone are armed with special weapons for fighting with their rivals. They are generally stronger and larger than the females, and are endowed with the requisite qualities of courage and pugnacity. If not exclusively, they are at least in a much higher degree than the females provided with musical organs or odoriferous glands, with brilliant plumes or diversified appendages, which, acting upon the sense of beauty inherent in all animals, attract and fascinate the female. Often the male is gifted with special sense-organs for discovering the female, with locomotive organs for reaching her, and with prehensile organs for holding her. These various special structures are often developed in the male during part only of the year—namely, the breeding-season. They have in many cases been transferred in a greater or less degree to the females, in whom, however, they appear but as mere rudiments. On the other hand, in certain anomalous cases there is seen an almost complete transposition of the character proper to both sexes, and rudiments of the female structure are found in the male, as in the case of the mammary glands in man. The laws of inheritance, which Mr. Darwin acknowledges to be obscure and little understood, must ultimately determine how far characteristics gained through the prolonged action of sexual preference by either sex shall be transmitted to the same sex, or to both sexes, as well as the age at which they shall be developed. But variations thus induced and accumulated through many generations may reach a degree of difference so strongly pronounced as to rank almost as distinct species or even genera. Of all the causes which have led to the differences in external form and character between the races of men, and to a certain extent between man and the lower animals, Mr. Darwin holds the belief that the most efficient by far has thus been sexual selection."

Sir John Lubbock's work on the "Origin of Civilization" has reached a second edition in England, in spite of a good deal of adverse criticism, based chiefly on theological grounds. The conclusions maintained by Sir John Lubbock in this work are, in his own words:

"That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors.

"That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism.

"That, from this condition, several races have independently raised themselves."

On the other hand, we have the opinion of the late Archbishop Whately, that "we have no reason to suppose that any community ever did or ever can emerge, unassisted by external helps, from a state of utter barbarism into any thing that can be called civilization;" and that of the Duke of Argyll, who holds that the primitive condition of man was one of civilization; that "there is no necessary connection between a state of mere childhood in respect to knowledge and a state of utter barbarism," and that man "even in his most civilized condition, is capable of degradation; that his knowledge may decay, and that his religion may be lost."

That the general propositions laid down by Archbishop Whately and the Duke of Argyll contain a certain limited amount of substantial truth, will probably be admitted by the staunchest adherents of the opposite theory. That "external helps" of some kind or other have played a most important part in the case of all civilizations the history of which is accessible, is as little open to question as the fact that under certain conditions civilization among certain races may be arrested or may even retrograde. At the very threshold, however, of any discussion in terms less general, we are met by the question "What is civilization?" The baffling complexity, indeed, of the idea conveyed in the word "civilization" is the fountain-head of most of the confusion which exists among writers on the subject. That development is the vital principle, so to speak, of civilization is universally admitted, but there would probably be a very general disagreement of opinion as to the particular kinds and directions of development which constitute the essential elements of civilization. As generally understood, civilization appears to involve a development more or less advanced of commerce and the means of communication, of natural advantages, products, and wealth, of navigation and warfare, of the arts, mechanical and ornamental; of science, theoretical and practical; of legislation and the administration of the law; of customs and language; of morals and religion; of all the faculties of the individual and the race. It includes also a consideration of the diffusion of personal liberty, and of the proportion of those who participate in the general welfare and possess the necessary appliances both for physical comfort and intellectual culture. This, of course, is an inadequate definition of civilization; and it is further manifest, not only that development in many directions indicated is not absolutely necessary to civilization, but that no civilization on record has been equally developed in every direction. What is still wanting, is some standard by which to measure civilization in any particular case. Mr. Wallace, following Montaigne, appears to consider civilization compatible with a very low development in nearly every direction. Archbishop Whately would consider as civilized the Germans described by Tacitus. The Duke of Argyll goes further still, for he seems to consider that Adam and Eve, when expelled from paradise, were, nevertheless, distinctly-civilized beings. The diversity of opinion is, indeed, owing to the absence of a recognized standard, almost universal. Civilization is nearly always measured by the recorded achievements of men of genius. Yet, if this were the true test, no nation of modern Europe is so highly civilized as was Greece in the age of Pericles, and English civilization has been retrograding from the days of Elizabeth, nay, from those which gave us the "Canterbury Tales" and "Lincoln

Minster," if not from those of Anselm and the Norman Bastard.

Mr. St. George Mivart is an eminent English naturalist, who in his "Genesis of Species" has made the most effective reply to Darwin that has yet appeared. He treats Mr. Darwin with courtesy and candor, admits his great services to science, and the plausibility at first sight of his theory of natural selection which lies at the basis of the whole Darwinian system. He then proceeds, with evident mastery of the subject, to suggest objections and to produce facts in opposition to natural selection, which leave that theory hardly any thing to stand upon. He admits, it is true, that to a certain extent natural selection exists and acts; but he maintains that, in order that we may be able to account for the production of known kinds of animals and plants, it requires to be supplemented by the action of some other natural law or laws as yet undiscovered; also, that the consequences which have been drawn from evolution, whether exclusively Darwinian or not, to the prejudices of religion, by no means follow from it, and are in fact illegitimate.

Mr. Mivart declares that he was not disposed originally to dissent from the theory of natural selection; but he has found, after many years of careful examination and consideration, that it is wholly inadequate to account for the preservation and intensification of inconstant specific and generic characters. That minute, fortuitous, and indefinite variations could have brought about such special forms and modifications, as Mr. Darwin maintains, seems to contradict reason and common-sense. In spite of all the resources of a fertile imagination, the Darwinian, pure and simple, is reduced to the assertion of a paradox as great as any he opposes. In the place of a mere assertion of our ignorance as to the way these phenomena have been produced, he brings forward as their explanation a cause which is demonstrably insufficient. The theory of natural selection is inconsistent with a vast multitude of facts in natural history, as well as with the first principles of the philosophy of the Divine government of the universe. Mr. Darwin has attempted to sustain it by a skillful collection of the facts which seem to serve his purpose; but the facts he has ignored disprove his theory, and with the explosion of that theory of natural selection his whole scheme falls to the ground.

It should be stated, however, that Mr. Mivart does not wholly deny that natural selection acts to some extent in the organic world. But its action is not supreme, as Mr. Darwin makes it, but is only secondary and subordinate to other forces. Mr. Mivart undertakes to prove, and we think does prove:

That natural selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely-similar structures of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent, which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between species and races still exists unrefuted.

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which natural selection throws no light whatever, but the explanation of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific origination.

Mr. Mivart, in short, maintains that the development of species has been brought about not wholly by natural selection, but by an internal power which has controlled and continued to control the universe—in other words, by Divine power.

A private letter from Greece gives some interesting notices of the reception in that country of the American minister's report on "Brigandage." "The *Age of Athens* contains a translation of the American minister's report on 'Brigandage in Greece,' accompanied by a long article full of grateful recognition of this first and only true history of the terrible massacre of last spring. This affair has been deliberately misrepresented by the English press, and the attempt made to implicate therein the Greek Government and people, whereas the brigands were Turks and Albanians who came over the border, and the only person proved guilty of connivance is a renegade Englishman. These and many other unpalatable truths were elicited during a prolonged legal investigation; yet such is the influence of dynastic prejudice that the only minister who has done honor to the subject is the representative of your Government. Hence the letter of thanks addressed him by King George. The journal above mentioned concludes its article in these words: 'Heartfelt gratitude is due by us to this noble citizen of the Great Republic, and this reward will be far more precious to a gentleman like Mr. Tuckerman than all the decorations and superficial compliments which political reasons dictate.'"

The aggregate sum paid to Alexander Dumas, Sr., by publishers and theatrical managers in the course of his long literary career, exceeds three million and a half francs. The amount, which will be paid to his heirs on his plays in France, is estimated at fifteen thousand francs a year. Dumas died largely in debt to his publishers. Michel Levy, of Paris, alone is said to lose by his death one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Lauroix, the French publisher, has had the happy idea of producing a history of current events in France and other countries from the 1st of September, 1870, to the end of January in the present year, under the title of the "Journal des Deux Mondes;" the work is to consist of twelve parts, of which two have appeared.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company have made arrangements to supply the place of *The North British Review*, which has recently been discontinued, by *The British Quarterly*, an able and popular review, the whole four numbers of which for the year 1871 will be furnished to subscribers without charge for the January number.

Publishers and authors are not always natural enemies. When Marian Evans had completed "Adam Bede"—she was little known then—she was glad to sell it outright to the Blackwoods for three hundred pounds. The novel had such a great success that the firm afterward gave her fifteen hundred pounds additional.

The Princess Dora d'Istria, is said to be the most learned woman in the world, reads and speaks fifteen languages, has written novels,

historical, philosophical, and philological works, is an honorary member of ten academies and learned societies, and is still said to be quite good-looking.

A young girl in Malaga, named Anita Perez, has published, in the *Andalusian Monthly Review*, two novels which the Spanish critics pronounce superior to any which have appeared in the literature of their country for many years past.

Robert Waldmüller, the German poet and novelist, is preparing for publication a volume entitled "The Correspondence of Charles Dickens with his Friends in Germany."

The exact title of Miss Alcott's forthcoming book is "Little Men: Life at Plumfield with 'Jo's' Boys."

The sale of Disraeli's "Lothair" has been quite large in Germany, both in the German translation and the English reprint.

Two new novels by Bjørnorne Bjørnson, the famous Norwegian author, are announced in the Christiania papers.

Ivan Turgueneff, the greatest of living Russian novelists, lies dangerously ill at his villa in Baden-Baden.

Professor Justus von Liebig is hard at work upon a cyclopaedia of chemistry.

Francis Liszt is preparing a work on Turkish and Arabian music.

Sweden has eight literary magazines and reviews.

Foreign Items.

THE son of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie is said to strongly resemble his mother in all his traits, even in his language. He speaks French with a sort of foreign accent, and, whenever he gets excited, he uses a great many Spanish words. Despite his careful education, he is comparatively ignorant, and he cannot write a page without committing a number of orthographical blunders. He dislikes books, is inordinately fond of velocipede-riding, and drives his tutors to despair by the nonchalance with which he associates with boys of low descent, rather than with the sons of the aristocracy.

The social war between the Poles and Russians in Warsaw continues unabated. On the anniversaries of all days of mourning in the history of Russia, when the latter lost great battles or suffered other national calamities, the Poles of Warsaw are in the best of spirits, and fill the places of amusement to overflowing; on the other hand, on Russian days of rejoicing, the Poles shut themselves up in their houses, and the theatres are deserted. All efforts made by the Russian authorities to bring about a change in this state of affairs have hitherto proved fruitless.

Among the distinguished Parisians who had interviews with Count von Bismarck after the capitulation of Paris, was Edmond About. About was not a little taken aback when Bismarck told him that he had read all the articles in which About had called him a fiend and other hard names; but the chancellor reassured his visitor by telling him that he considered those articles very fine specimens of humorous journalism.

Young Cavaignac, the only son of General Cavaignac, who created quite a sensation sev-

eral years ago by refusing a prize at the hands of the prince imperial at a school examination in Paris, is now an officer in the regular army of France, and was quite severely wounded at the battle of Le Mans.

Wilhelm, the composer of the German national hymn, "The Watch on the Rhine," of which over six hundred thousand copies were sold in Germany since the breaking out of the war with France, died a few weeks ago of apoplexy.

Paris has lost in consequence of the war no fewer than eleven of her most able journalists. The latest victim is M. Henri de Pène, the well-known editor of the *Gazette des Etrangers*, and author of numerous charming *feuilleton* articles. He died of a wound received in front of the Hôtel de Ville.

The American residents of Vienna have sent a present, which cost seven hundred and eighty dollars, to the Prussian General von Werder, "in acknowledgment of the gallantry with which he protected the South of Germany from an invasion by Bourbaki's army."

There is a curious custom at the Russian court. Every Russian grand-duke and grand-duchess has the right to obtain a full pardon annually for three convicted felons, by speaking to the czar about it on a holiday. This custom has existed since the reign of Catharine I.

The reports about the insanity of ex-King George V. of Hanover are fully confirmed. The poor old man believes that he is dead, and it is said in Vienna that he refuses to sleep anywhere except in a coffin. Visitors have not been admitted to him for some time past.

The Mayor of Fontainebleau has requested Octave Feuillet to leave that place, there being reason to fear that the people would mob him on account of his intimate relations with the ex-Empress Eugenie.

Count von Beust's wife is so disgusted with the slights which she has met with at the hands of the Austrian court and aristocracy, that she has left Vienna, and, with her children, taken up her abode at Geneva.

At a fair held recently in Rome for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of Germany, Madame Urban Rattazzi, Napoleon's cousin, created a sensation by making more liberal purchases than anybody else.

The late Professor von Graefe, the greatest oculist of modern times, left to his heirs upward of four thousand presents, which he had received from grateful patients, some of which were very costly.

The municipal authorities of all cities in Prussia containing upward of twenty thousand inhabitants, have resolved to confer patents of honorary citizenship upon Prince von Bismarck and General von Moltke.

Bogumil Dawison, the celebrated German actor, who at one time was believed to be hopelessly insane, is said to be in a fair way to recover his full mental faculties at an early day.

The Archduchess Sophia of Austria, the mother of the Archduke Maximilian, still pays regular pensions to upward of twenty impoverished adherents and attendants of her ill-fated son.

Although the Queen of Portugal speaks the Portuguese language very imperfectly, she is

more popular than her royal husband, who, but for her, it is generally admitted, would have long ago been dethroned and driven out of the country.

Karl Blind, the German journalist and radical politician, is said to have amassed quite a fortune, during twenty years of exile in England, by corresponding for newspapers published in six different countries.

Erlangen, the old university city in Germany, is at present without a lawyer! Several years ago, there were four lawyers in the place; but three of them died last year, and the fourth was buried a few weeks ago.

The King of Bavaria occupies himself in his spare hours with devising new scenic effects for his theatre in Munich. He spends most of his private means in trying to carry his singular ideas on this subject into effect.

One of the large prizes offered by the philosophical faculty of the University of Leyden, is for "the best essay on the economical situation of the United States." The essay has to be written in Latin.

Pierre Bonaparte, who at present lives on his farm in the forest of Ardennes, in Belgium, desires to sell it in order to settle permanently on the island of Sardinia.

Queen Victoria has sent to Julius Rodenburg, the editor of the *Leipziger Salon*, the sum of one hundred pounds for his novel, "Oliver Cromwell."

Tibaldi, Orsini's accomplice in the attempt to assassinate the ex-Emperor Napoleon, is a candidate for one of the vacant seats in the French National Assembly.

M. de Sévigné, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, is editor of a weekly newspaper at Bayonne, and, during the war, was lieutenant in the Garde Mobile.

The Paris *Opinion Nationale* contains the following significant "Advice to M. Jean-Jacques Offenbach:" "Don't come back!"

Seven princes and five dukes are members of the new German Parliament.

Two descendants of Mozart live in extreme poverty at Neustadt, in Austria.

Miscellany.

The Louvre.

THE Louvre is a building of countless traditions. Le Bon Roi Dagobert is said to have kept his horses and wolf-hounds here when the river-bank was all forest. Philip Augustus, about the year 1200, converted the hunting-box of the early French kings into a tower and moated fortress. A great tower in the centre was the keep; and Dukes of Brittany, Kings of Navarre, and Counts of Flanders, in various ages, acquired rheumatism in its dungeons. The old fortress was outside the walls of Paris, but Charles V. and VI. enclosed it within the enceinte, for greater security.

The original palace was only three hundred feet long. The names of some of the towers of the old Louvre—such as the Tour de l'Orgueil, the Tour où se met le Roi quand on joute, the Tour de la Fauconnerie—give one the notion of a dismal, loopholed, turreted kind of a Newgate, dark, strong, and repelling. Francis I. pulled down this old jackdaw's-nest, and reared an Italian palace, where he entertained

the Emperor Charles V. with reckless magnificence. Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII., all added to the Louvre. It was from a river-side window, in a part of the building pulled down by Louis XIII., that Charles IX. fired with insane eagerness on the Huguenot fugitives. Henry IV. began the long gallery to connect the Louvre with the Tuilleries, and completed it so far as to be able to walk through it before his death. After his assassination by Ravallac, the king's body was laid out in state in an apartment of the old Louvre. But in the reign of Louis XIV. the old tree put forth a noble shoot. At the suggestion of Colbert, the king resolved to complete the palace and the grand gallery parallel with the river. Levan, the king's architect, had begun the principal façade; but it did not satisfy Colbert, who invited a competition of architects. The plan chosen was by Claude Perrault, who had been bred a physician. The south, or Seine, front was also by him.

The court of the Louvre is a square of three hundred and forty-eight feet. Voltaire says of the façade of the Louvre: "It is one of the most august monuments of architecture in the world, and there is not one of the palaces of Rome whose entrance is comparable to that of the Louvre, for which we are indebted to Perrault, whom Boileau attempted to turn into ridicule."

When Louis XIV. began Versailles, he grew tired of his other toy, the Louvre, part of which remained unroofed even down to the time of the great Napoleon, who completed the long picture-gallery connecting the Louvre with the Tuilleries, and turned the palace into a vast national museum, full of the most glorious plunder military thief ever looted.

On the 17th of February, 1820, and four following days, the body of the murdered Duc de Berri, who had died begging that Louvel, his assassin, might be pardoned, lay in state in the south quadrangle of the Louvre.

One of the most historical rooms in the Louvre is the Salle de Caryatides, for here Henry IV.'s marriage was celebrated with Margaret de Valois, and here he lay in state after Ravallac had struck the blow. In this chamber the stern Duc de Guise hung four of the most restless of the Leaguers; and here Molière built his theatre, and performed in some of his best comedies.

The Unlucky Lovers.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
A child of the great Tycoon;
She wore her head bald, and her clothes were made

Half-petticoat, half-pantaloon;
Her face was the color of lemon-peel,
And the shape of a table-spoon.

A handsome young chap was Johnny Hi-Hi,
And he wore paper-muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
In the form of a shoe-brush rose;
His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap
Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-Hi,
And when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep-orange tinge,

You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slant-eyed glance
And her charming wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new-born love
Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
In a strictly Japanese way;

She howling a song to a one-stringed lute,
On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,
And quietly there repose
As he stood on his head and fanned himself,
While she balanced him on her nose;
Or else she would get in a pickle-tub
And be kicked around on his toes.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough;
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end,
If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt the truant pair,
With his nerves braced by a tod.
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of a lightning-rod.

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
To "come down out of that there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
I won't say precisely where;
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms evinced
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
Despite his paternal pains;
For John, with a toothpick, let all the blood
Out of his jugular veins;
While with a back-somersault on the floor
Foo-Foo battered out her brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood-tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale and
The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the mosquito's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post,
His almond-shaped eyeballs looked on a sight
That scared him to death almost;
'Twas a bald-headed spectre flitting about
With a paper-muslin ghost!

Dean Milman.

Dean Milman was a man in every way truly remarkable. He was a great social, a great literary influence. To be noticed by him was distinction. That he should be present at any social gathering, to render it the charm of his presence, his learning, his urbanity, and his humor, was in itself almost the highest distinction which any society could receive. The poet of the "Fall of Jerusalem," who was expected to be a second Milton, did not, indeed, advance from his first stand-point, but became the most thoughtful and enlightened of ecclesiastical historians. On the whole, he was perhaps rather a scholar than a divine. Apparently through the influence of Mr. Gladstone, he published, some years ago, a set of those English translations from the Greek with which he used to delight Oxford audiences; and he expressed an opinion that better epitaphs were to be found in the Greek anthology than in Christian church-yards. In any estimate of the history of modern opinion, the late dean will be found to have been a vast force. It would be hardly too much to say that Newmanism and Milmanism represent the two poles of ecclesiastical opinion in England. The author of the "Grammar of Assent," and the author of "Latin Christianity," are separated by a mighty diameter. Milman's style was saturated by Gibbon, whom he edited, and

like Gibbon, he helped to arch the interval between ancient and modern history. What Gibbon was to Milman, Milman became to a school of young "liberal" theological writers. They abolished the axiom that no man should swear by his master's words; for no Newman could be more thoroughly in the hands of his confessor than a Milmanite followed the traditions of Milman.

Mrs. Partington.

The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, England. Her cottage was on the beach, and the incident on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sydney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lords' rejection of the Reform Bill: "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works, and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.

Anagrams.

Astronomers,	No more stars.
Impatient,	Time in a pet.
Masquerade,	Queer as mad.
Matrimony,	Into my arm.
Melodrama,	Made moral.
Midshipman,	Mind his map.
Parishioners,	I hire parsons.
Parliament,	Partial men.
Penitentiary,	Nay, I repent it.
Radical reform,	Rare-made frolic.
Revolution,	To love ruin.
Sir Robert Peel,	Terrible poser.
Sweetheart,	There we sat.
Telegraph,	Great help.

Varieties.

WHEN Alexander Dumas the younger first achieved literary fame by "The Lady of the Camelias," the elder Dumas, who is just dead, wrote a formal note to his son, as if they were utter strangers to each other, congratulating him on his success, greeting him as a worthy fellow-citizen in the great republic of letters, and expressing his desire to have a personal interview with such a promising young author. The son answered this complimentary effusion in the same high-flown strain, saying that he fully appreciated the honor conferred upon him, and that he should be most happy to meet the distinguished author of "Monte Cristo," of whom he had often heard his father speak in the very highest terms.

The subscriptions to the new five-per-cent. bonds of the United States brought the total up to fifty-odd million dollars. Considering that the whole are several weeks in advance of the readiness of the bonds for delivery, this

progress is not only rapid, but a sure evidence of the complete success of the loan. The first two hundred millions of the five per cents will be taken up before the bonds are ready for delivery on the 1st of May. The remaining three hundred millions, there is now good reason to hope, will be subscribed before the 30th of June, and the Treasury will then be enabled to enter upon the new fiscal year 1871-72 with a gold-interest charge, upon the funded debt of the United States, reduced by five millions per annum from the present fiscal year.

Feodor Deets, the German battle-painter, died at Gray, in France, of heart-disease, in December. He wore the red cross, and was one of the managers of the Baden sanitary corps. He had just given the finishing touches to the last picture that he ever painted, "Vienna besieged by the Turks," on the outer wall of the "Maximilian" in that city. His principal paintings were: "Death of Max Piccolomini," "The Night Review," "Destruction of Heidelberg by the French," "Blucher Crossing the Rhine," and "Blucher's March to Paris." He was born at Carlsruhe in 1812, and was court-painter to the Grand-duke of Baden.

A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION.

"Charley! what is osculation?"
 "Osculation, Jenny dear,
 Is a learned expression, queer,
 For a nice sensation.
 I put my arm, thus, round your waist,
 This is approximation;
 You need not fear—
 There's no one here—
 Your lips quite near—
 I then—
 "Oh, dear!"
 "Jenny, that's osculation."

The number of volumes in the libraries of leading colleges and universities of the land: Columbia, 15,000; Union, 16,000; College of the City of New York, 16,000; Washington and Jefferson, 17,000; Pennsylvania, 17,450; Kenyon, 17,850; Wesleyan, 11,000; Michigan, 22,000; Marietta, 22,500; North Carolina, 23,000; Loyola, 25,000; Northwestern, 25,000; South Carolina, 25,000; Dickinson, 25,500; New Jersey, 28,000; Georgetown, 30,000; Bowdoin, 33,000; Amherst, 34,000; Virginia, 35,000; Cornell, 37,000; Brown, 38,000; Dartmouth, 38,000; Yale, 30,000; Harvard, 184,000.

Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet, one day managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole family. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughn, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down on them, and said, "Let us pray."

A lady residing in a German city, which is heavily taxed by the war, writes to her friends that the cost of living is so much increased in consequence, that she has to pay sixty-five cents for a pair of white kid gloves "with two buttons;" that a new silk bonnet costs nearly a dollar in gold; a cab for two persons to the opera and back, thirty-seven cents, and washing is charged for at the extravagant rate of twelve cents a dozen pieces.

A Connecticut lawyer, who wished to cross the river on the ice, was told that it would be entirely safe to make the attempt if he crawled over on his hands and knees. Anxious to go, he humbled himself accordingly, and had laboriously got half way across when he was overtaken by a man driving along leisurely in a buggy. The rapidity with which he assumed an upright position was startling to the driver.

Robert Chambers, the celebrated publisher, who has just died in Edinburgh, worth, it is said, some six hundred thousand pounds, began life as a poor boy, entirely dependent on his own exertions, laying the foundation of his fortune by opening a small circulating library with a little borrowed money.

Thomas Carlyle enjoys the reputation of being the only eminent literary man in London who rises early in the morning. He not only gets up, but usually walks several miles before breakfast, or at least before undertaking the labors of composition.

Elder Miles Grant, the adventist, is credited with the statement that the New Jerusalem "would cover Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and nearly half of Pennsylvania." The end of the world, in his opinion, must come before 1872.

Why was it, as an old woman in a scarlet cloak was crossing a field in which a goat was browsing, that a most wonderful metamorphosis took place? Because the goat turned to butter, and the antique party to a scarlet runner!

Animals require much water, varying according to size, food used, work done, and other circumstances. A horse requires eight gallons a day. A cow will drink six gallons, a sheep two to three quarts, while an elephant will use up nearly a barrel.

Dr. Holmes says: "Walking is a perpetual falling, with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life."

A Mobile paper is indignant at a contemporary for announcing that "Mobile is the fourth coffee-pot in the country." Investigation proved that "cotton port" was meant.

Frugal landlady of boarding-house—"Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder—"Well, perhaps; if I don't feel hungry."

Voltaire's gardener is to Europe what Washington's coachman is to America. This gardener has just died again, near Geneva, at the age of one hundred and fifteen.

The "brierwood pipes" are nearly all made from laurel-roots, obtained in large quantities at very low prices in the lower counties of Maryland.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, essences, wines, dyestuffs, drugs, fine marble, paintings, engravings, mosaics, and salt.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

The trustees of Racine College, Wisconsin, have provided a billiard-table and smoking-room for the use of the students.

It is proposed to insert a memorial window for Alice Cary in the "Church of the Strangers" in New York.

Immense coal-beds in the north of Greenland were among the discoveries of the German Arctic expedition.

The latest thing in woman's rights is a St. Albans lady who slaughters hogs.

How to get the exact weight of a fish—weigh him in his own scales.

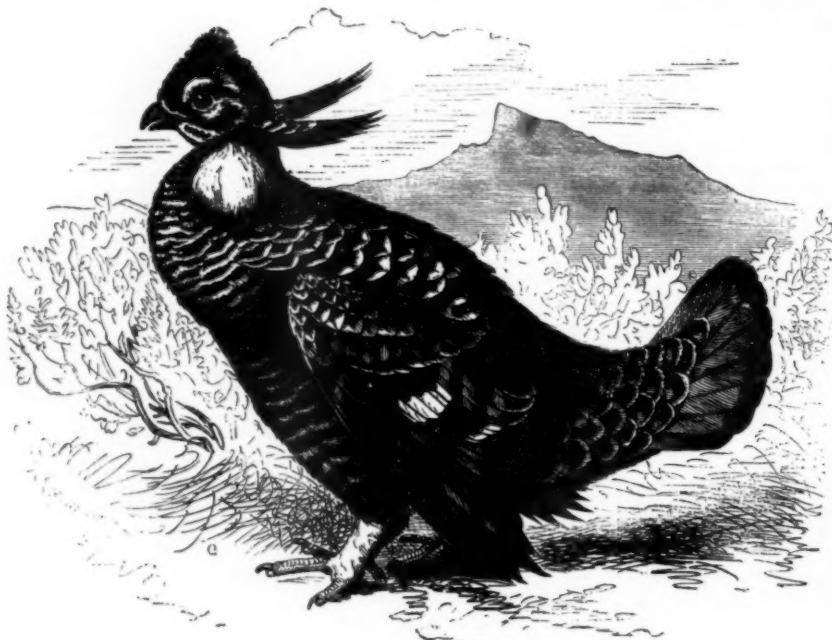
The Museum.

IN our last number of the Museum we gave an illustration, from the second volume of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," of the influence, as he supposes, of sexual selection on the conformation of birds. He attributes the power of song in the male birds to their desire to please and attract the females. He says few more careful observers ever lived than Montagu, and he maintained that the "males of song-birds and of many others do not in general search for the female, but, on the contrary, their business in the spring is to perch on some conspicuous spot, breathing out their full and amorous notes, which, by instinct, the female knows, and repairs to the spot to choose her mate." Mr. Jenner Weir says that this is certainly the case with the night-

ingale. Bechstein, who kept birds during his whole life, asserts that "the female canary always chooses the best singer, and that in a state of nature the female finch selects that male out of a hundred whose notes please her most." In some birds the vocal organs differ greatly in the two sexes. In the *Tetrao cupido* (of which we copy Mr. Darwin's illustration) the male has two bare, orange-colored sacs, one on each side of the neck; and these are largely inflated when the male, during the breeding-season, makes a curious hollow sound, audible at a great distance. Audubon proved that the sound was intimately connected with this ap-

paratus, which reminds us of the air-sacs on each side of the mouth of certain male frogs, for he found that the sound was much diminished when one of the sacs of a tame bird

was pricked, and when both were pricked it was altogether stopped. The female has a somewhat similar, though smaller, naked space of skin on the neck; but this is not capable of inflation. The male of another kind of grouse (*Tetrao urophasianus*), while courting the female, heaves his bare yellow oesophagus inflated to a prodigious size, fully half as large as the body; and he then utters various grating, deep, hollow tones. With his neck-feathers erect, his wings lowered and buzzing on the ground, and his long pointed tail spread out like a fan, he displays a variety of grotesque attitudes. The oesophagus of the female is not in any way remarkable.



Tetrao Cupido—Male.

CONTENTS OF NO. 108, APRIL 22, 1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE MAID OF KIRCONNEL. (With an Illustration.) By Phoebe Cary.....	453	SCENES IN FLORIDA. (With Illustrations by Harry Fenn.).....	467
MORTON HOUSE: Chapters XI. and XII. By the author of "Vale-rie Aylmer.".....	454	CHESTER. By Henry Ware.....	470
SNATCHING A HOLIDAY. By James Appleton Morgan.....	459	FRESH FISH. By Samuel Leavitt.....	471
MONOGRAMS. By A. Steele Pen.....	464	IMMORTALITY. By Charlotte Corder.....	473
DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F. R. S. (With Portrait.) By David Duncan.....	464	TABLE-TALK.....	474
SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. By H. W. Dodge.....	466	LITERARY NOTES.....	475
HERVÉ RIEL. By Robert Browning.....	466	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	477
		MISCELLANY.....	478
		VARIETIES.....	479
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	479

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